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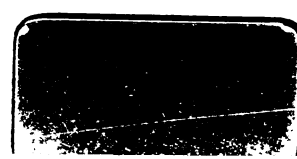

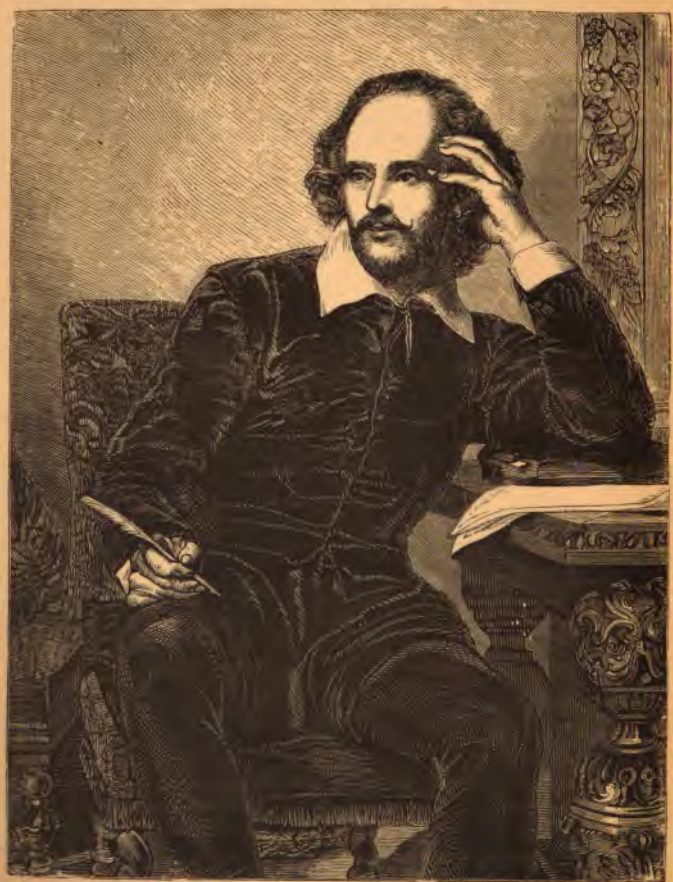

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M.,

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:

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CONTENTS.

	Page
THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE	1
INTRODUCTION TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE	9
I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY	9
II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT	11
III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY	13
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE	39
ACT I	41
" II	56
" III	78
" IV	98
" V	114
NOTES	125

MONUMENT AT STRATFORD.

JOHN SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET. View from an old Print.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, England, in April, 1564. The record of his baptism bears the date of April 26th, and as it was an old custom to christen children on the third day after birth, the tradition which makes his birthday the 23d has been commonly accepted. His father, John Shakespeare, seems to have belonged to the class of yeomen, and to have been a glover by trade His mother, Mary Arderne, or Arden, came of a good old Warwickshire family, and brought her husband a considerable estate as dower. John Shakespeare was for many years an alderman, and twice filled the office of High Bailiff, or chief magistrate, but later in life he appears to have become quite poor.

Of a family of four sons and four daughters, William was the third child, but the eldest son. He was in all probability sent to the free-school of his native town, and after leaving school may have spent some time in an attorney's office. But in 1582, when he was only 18, he married Anne Hathaway, of the parish of Shottery, near Stratford, a woman some eight years older than himself. A daughter was soon born to him, and, two years later, twins—a boy and a girl.

ROOM IN THE HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

As nearly as can be made out, it was in the next year, 1586, that Shakespeare, then 22, went to London, where he became first an actor, then a writer for the stage. As an actor he seems to have made no special mark, but as a writer he very soon distinguished himself, and in a few years had won the foremost rank among the dramatists of his time. In 1598, Francis Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, speaks of him as "the

most excellent among the English for both kinds of tragedy and comedy." His works became not only widely popular, but they brought him special marks of favor and approval from Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James, and gained for him the patronage and friendship of some of the most accomplished men of rank of that day.

INNER COURT OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, STRATFORD.

But while thus prosperous and honored in London, Shakespeare continued to look upon Stratford as his home. There he had left his wife and children, and thither, after he had secured a competency, he returned to spend the evening of

his days in quiet. It was probably about the year 1612 that he settled down in Stratford, on an estate purchased some years previous. His wife was still living, and also his two

CHANCEL OF STRATFORD CHURCH.

daughters, of whom the elder, Susanna, was married to Dr. John Hall, in 1607; the younger, Judith, to Mr. Thos. Quiney, in 1616. His son, Hamnet, had died in his twelfth year, in 1596.

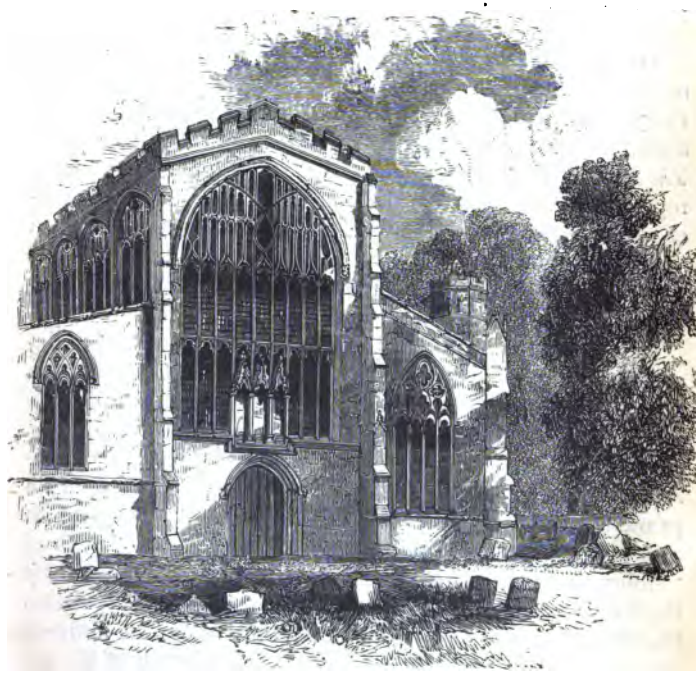
Shakespeare died at Stratford, as already mentioned, on the 23d of April, 1616; and he lies buried in the parish church there.

The first work of Shakespeare's which was printed with his name was the poem of *Venus and Adonis*, which appeared in 1593. In the Dedication to the Earl of Southampton the author styles it "the first heir of his invention." In 1594, *The Rape of Lucrece* was published. Both these poems were reprinted several times in the poet's lifetime. His only other works, besides the Plays, are *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a small collection of poems, first printed in 1599, and his *Sonnets* (154 in number), with a poem entitled *A Lover's Complaint*, which appeared together in 1609.

The first edition of his collected Dramatic Works contained all the Plays generally included in modern editions, with the exception of *Pericles*, and was published in a folio volume, in 1623, or not till seven years after his death. It was put forth by two of his friends and fellow actors, *John Heminge* and *Henrie Condell*, and the title-page declares it to be printed "according to the true original copies." The preface also condemns all preceding editions of separate plays* as "stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors," while it claims that the publishers of this volume had the use of the author's manuscripts. They probably had the use of such of his papers as were in the possession of the Blackfriars Theatre, to

* Eighteen of the Plays are known to have been separately printed, some of them more than once, in Shakespeare's lifetime. *Othello* was also printed separately in 1622. All these editions are in quarto form, and are commonly known as the old or early *quartos*.

which they, like himself, belonged. The volume, however, appears to have had no proper editing, and every page is disfigured by the grossest typographical errors. While it is the earliest and the only authentic edition of the Plays, it cannot be accepted as anything like an infallible authority in all cases for what Shakespeare actually wrote.



STRATFORD CHURCH, WEST END.

The volume just described is commonly known as the "first folio." A second folio edition, including the same plays, appeared in 1632. It contains some new readings, which are

probably nothing more than the conjectural emendations of the unknown editor.

A third folio edition was issued in 1664. This contains the thirty-six Plays of the preceding folios, with *Pericles* and six dramas* not included in the modern editions. A fourth and last folio reprint followed in 1685.

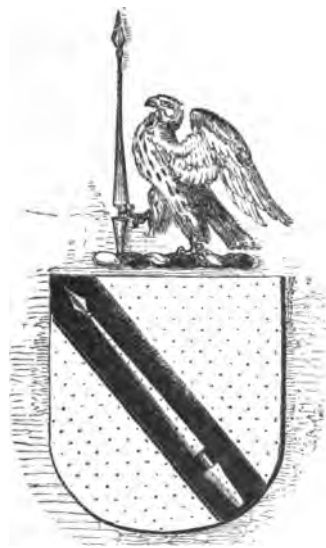
HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, ABOUT 1820.

These four folios were the only editions of the Plays brought out in the 17th century. The 18th century produced a long succession of editors—Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Capell, Reed, Malone, and Rann. In 1803 appeared what is known as "Reed's Second Edition of Johnson and Steevens," in twenty-one volumes, in which were incorporated all the notes of the preceding editions.

* For an account of these and other plays which have been ascribed to Shakespeare, as well as for a fuller description of these early editions of his works, see our *Life of Shakespeare*, etc.

This was followed in 1821 by what is now the standard "*Variorum* edition," also in twenty-one volumes, mostly prepared by Malone, but completed and carried through the press by his friend Boswell. The most important English editions of more recent date are those of Knight, Collier, Singer, Staunton, Dyce, Clark and Wright, and Halliwell. The only American editions of any critical value are Verplanck's (1847), Hudson's (1855 and 1881), and White's (1857–1865 and 1883).

STRATFORD CHURCH, EAST END, WITH CHARNEL-HOUSE.



ARMS OF JOHN SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The Merchant of Venice is the last on a list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, which appeared in 1598. In the same year it was entered as follows on the Register of the Stationers' Company:—

"22 July, 1598, James Robertes.] A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes.

or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen."

The company of players to which Shakespeare belonged, and for which he wrote, were "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants;" and the above order was meant to prohibit the publication of the play until the patron of the company should give his permission. This he appears not to have done until two years later, when the following entry was made in the Register:

"28 Oct., 1600, Tho. Haies.] The booke of the Merchant of Venyce."

Soon after this entry, the play was published by Heyes, in quarto, with the following title:

The most excellent | Historie of the *Merchant* | *of Venice.* | With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe | towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound | of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia* | by the choyse of three | chests. *As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord* | *Chamberlaine his Seruants.* | Written by William Shakespeare. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, | and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the | signe of the Greene Dragon. | 1600.

Another edition, also in quarto, was issued the same year, by Roberts, with the following title:

THE | EXCELLENT | History of the Mer- | *chant of Venice.* | With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke* | the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cut- | *ting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining* | of *Portia*, by the choyse of *three Caskets.* | Written by W. SHAKESPEARE. | Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600.

The play was not reprinted until it appeared in the folio of 1623, where the text varies but little from the quartos.

There is good reason to believe that the play was written and acted as early as 1594. In Henslowe's *Diary*, under the date "25 of aguste 1594," we find a record of the performance of "the Venesyon comodey," which is marked *ne*, as

a new play. This entry probably refers to *The Merchant of Venice*, since in that year the company of players of which Shakespeare was a member was performing at the theatre of which Henslowe was chief manager, and probably in conjunction with his company.

It was formerly supposed that *The Merchant of Venice* was played before James I. on Shrove Sunday, and again on Shrove Tuesday, in 1605. The following entries appear in the Accounts of the Master of the Revels, preserved in the Audit Office, but they have been proved beyond all doubt to be forgeries:

"By his Ma^tie^ Plaiers. On Shrousunday a play of the Marchant of Venis."

"By his Ma^tie^ Players. On Shroutusday a play cauled the Martchant of Venis againe, comanded by the Kings Ma^tie^."

The name of "Shaxberd" as "the poet which made the play" is added in the margin opposite both entries.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The plot of *The Merchant of Venice* is composed of two distinct stories: that of the bond, and that of the caskets. Both these fables are found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a Latin compilation of allegorical tales, which had been translated into English as early as the time of Henry VI. It is almost certain, however, that the immediate source from which Shakespeare derived the incidents connected with the bond was a story in *Il Pecorone*, a collection of tales by an Italian writer, Giovanni Fiorentino, first published at Milan in 1558, though written nearly two hundred years before. In this story we have a rich lady *at Belmont*, who is to be won on certain conditions; and she is finally the prize of a young merchant, whose friend, having become surety for him to a Jew under the same penalty as in the play, is rescued from the forfeiture by the adroitness of the married lady, who is disguised as a

lawyer. The pretended judge receives, as in the comedy, her marriage ring as a gratuity, and afterwards banters her husband, in the same way, upon the loss of it. An English translation of *Il Pecorone* is known to have been extant in Shakespeare's time.

It is quite probable that some incidents connected with the bond were taken from the old ballad of *Gernutus*, which may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. No dated edition of the ballad is known, but the best critics believe that it is older than the play, and not, as some have maintained, founded upon the play.

It is possible that the legends of the bond and the caskets had been blended by an English dramatic writer before Shakespeare began to write for the stage. Stephen Gosson, a Puritan author, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, published in 1579, excepts a few plays from the sweeping condemnation of his "plesaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such-like caterpillers of a Commonwelth." Among these exceptions he mentions "*The Jew*, and Ptolome, showne at the Bull; the one representing *the greedinesse of worldly chusers*, and *the bloody minds of usurers;* the other very lively describing howe seditious estates with their owne devises, false friends with their owne swoords, and rebellious commons in their owne snares, are overthrowne." We have no other knowledge of this play of *The Jew;* but the nationality of its hero and the double moral, agreeing so exactly with that of *The Merchant of Venice*, render it probable that the plots of the two dramas were essentially the same; and that Shakespeare in this instance, as in others, worked upon some rough model already prepared for him. The question, however, is not of great importance. As Staunton remarks, "Be the merit of the fable whose it may, the characters, the language, the poetry, and the sentiment are his, and his alone. To no other writer of the period could we be indebted for the charming combination of womanly grace, and dignity, and playfulness, which is

found in Portia; for the exquisite picture of friendship between Bassanio and Antonio; for the profusion of poetic beauties scattered over the play; and for the masterly delineation of that perfect type of Judaism in olden times, the character of Shylock himself."

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature."**]

The Merchant of Venice is one of Shakespeare's most perfect works: popular to an extraordinary degree, and calculated to produce the most powerful effect on the stage, and at the same time a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic. Shylock the Jew is one of the inimitable masterpieces of characterization which are to be found only in Shakespeare. It is easy for both poet and player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is everything but a common Jew: he possesses a strongly marked and original individuality, and yet we perceive a light touch of Judaism in everything he says or does. We almost fancy we can hear a slight whisper of the Jewish accent even in the written words, such as we sometimes still find in the higher classes, notwithstanding their social refinement. In tranquil moments, all that is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceptible, but in passion the national stamp comes out more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor can alone properly express. Shylock is a man of information, in his own way even a thinker, only he has not discovered the region where human feelings dwell; his morality is founded on the disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The desire to avenge the wrongs and indignities heaped upon his nation is, after avarice, his strongest spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly

* From *Black's* translation, with a few verbal changes. I have not had the opportunity of comparing it with the original German.

against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments: a disinterested love of our neighbour seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. The letter of the law is his idol; he refuses to lend an ear to the voice of mercy, which, from the mouth of Portia, speaks to him with heavenly eloquence: he insists on rigid and inflexible justice, and at last it recoils on his own head. Thus he becomes a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation. The melancholy and self-sacrificing magnanimity of Antonio is affectingly sublime. Like a princely merchant, he is surrounded with a whole train of noble friends. The contrast which this forms to the selfish cruelty of the usurer Shylock was necessary to redeem the honour of human nature. The danger which, almost to the close of the fourth act, hangs over Antonio, and which the imagination is almost afraid to approach, would fill the mind with too painful anxiety, if the poet did not also provide for its recreation and diversion. This is effected in an especial manner by the scenes at Portia's country-seat, which transport the spectator into quite another world. And yet they are closely connected with the main business by the chain of cause and effect. Bassanio's preparations for his courtship are the cause of Antonio's subscribing the dangerous bond; and Portia, by the counsel and advice of her kinsman, a famous lawyer, effects the safety of her lover's friend. But the relations of the dramatic composition are admirably observed in yet another respect. The trial between Shylock and Antonio is indeed recorded as being a real event, but still, for all that, it must ever remain an unheard-of and singular case. Shakespeare has therefore associated it with a love intrigue not less extraordinary: the one consequently is rendered natural and probable by means of the other. A rich, beautiful, and intellectual heiress, who can only be won by solving the riddle; the locked caskets; the foreign princes, who come to try the venture;—all this powerfully excites the imagination

with the splendour of an olden tale of marvels. The two scenes in which, first the Prince of Morocco, in the language of Eastern hyperbole, and then the self-conceited Prince of Arragon, make their choice among the caskets, serve merely to raise our curiosity, and give employment to our wits; but on the third, where the two lovers stand trembling before the inevitable choice, which in one moment must unite or separate them for ever, Shakespeare has lavished all the charms of feeling, all the magic of poesy. We share in the rapture of Portia and Bassanio at the fortunate choice: we easily conceive why they are so fond of each other, for they are both most deserving of love. The trial scene, with which the fourth act is occupied, is in itself a perfect drama, concentrating in itself the interest of the whole. The knot is now untied, and, according to the common ideas of theatrical satisfaction, the curtain ought to drop. But the poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which Antonio's acquittal, effected with so much difficulty and contrary to all expectation, and the condemnation of Shylock, were calculated to leave behind them; he has therefore added the fifth act by way of a musical afterpiece in the play itself. The episode of Jessica, the fugitive daughter of the Jew, in whom Shakespeare has contrived to throw a veil of sweetness over the national features, and the artifice by which Portia and her companion are enabled to rally their newly-married husbands, supply him with the necessary materials. The scene opens with the playful prattling of two lovers in a summer evening; it is followed by soft music, and a rapturous eulogy on this powerful disposer of the human mind and the world; the principal characters then make their appearance, and, after a simulated quarrel, which is gracefully maintained, the whole ends with the most exhilarating mirth.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."*]

Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind may be classed to-

gether, as characters of intellect, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. In Portia, it is intellect kindled into romance by a poetical imagination; in Isabel, it is intellect elevated by religious principle; in Beatrice, intellect animated by spirit; in Rosalind, intellect softened by sensibility. The wit which is lavished on each is profound, or pointed, or sparkling, or playful—but always feminine; like spirits distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin; it is a volatile essence, sweet as powerful; and to pursue the comparison a step further, the wit of Portia is like ottar of roses, rich and concentrated; that of Rosalind; like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar; the wit of Beatrice is like sal volatile; and that of Isabel, like the incense wafted to heaven. Of these four exquisite characters, considered as dramatic and poetical conceptions, it is difficult to pronounce which is most perfect in its way, most admirably drawn, most highly finished. But if considered in another point of view, as women and individuals, as breathing realities, clothed in flesh and blood, I believe we must assign the first rank to Portia, as uniting in herself, in a more eminent degree than the others, all the noblest and most lovable qualities that ever met together in woman, and presenting a complete personification of Petrarch's exquisite epitome of female perfection—

Il vago spirito ardento,
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core.

Shylock is not a finer or more finished character in his way, than Portia is in hers. These two splendid figures are worthy of each other; worthy of being placed together within the same rich framework of enchanting poetry, and glorious and graceful forms. She hangs beside the terrible inexorable Jew, the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt.

Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful

qualities which Shakespeare has lavished on many of his female characters; but, besides the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself; by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate; she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures have ever waited round her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly there is a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendour had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry—amid gardens full of statues, and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the sombre or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity. . .

The sudden plan which she forms for the release of her husband's friend, her disguise, and her deportment as the young and learned doctor, would appear forced and improbable in any other woman, but in Portia are the simple and natural result of her character.* The quickness with which she perceives the legal advantage which may be taken of the circumstances, the spirit of adventure with which she engages

* In that age, delicate points of law were not determined by the ordinary judges of the provinces, but by doctors of law, who were called from Bologna, Padua, and other places celebrated for their legal colleges.

in the masquerading, and the decision, firmness, and intelligence with which she executes her generous purpose, are all in perfect keeping, and nothing appears forced—nothing as introduced merely for theatrical effect.

But all the finest parts of Portia's character are brought to bear in the trial scene. There she shines forth, all her divine self. Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion, her high honourable principles, her best feelings as a woman, are all displayed. She maintains at first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end; yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense verges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely; it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view: to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honour by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth ten times over. It is evident that she would rather owe the safety of Antonio to anything rather than the legal quibble with which her cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource. Thus all the speeches addressed to Shylock in the first instance are either direct or indirect experiments on his temper and feelings. She must be understood from the beginning to the end as examining, with intense anxiety, the effect of her own words on his mind and countenance; as watching for that relenting spirit, which she hopes to awaken either by reason or persuasion. She begins by an appeal to his mercy, in that matchless piece of eloquence, which, with an irresistible and solemn pathos, falls upon the heart like "gentle dew from heaven:"—but in vain; for that blessed dew drops not more fruitless and unfelt on the parched sand of the desert, than do these heavenly words upon the ear of Shylock. She next attacks his avarice:

> Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offered thee!

Then she appeals, in the same breath, both to his avarice and his pity:

Be merciful!
Take thrice thy money. Bid me tear the bond.

All that she says afterwards—her strong expressions, which are calculated to strike a shuddering horror through the nerves, the reflections she interposes, her delays and circumlocution to give time for any latent feeling of commiseration to display itself,—all, all are premeditated, and tend in the same manner to the object she has in view.

So unwilling is her sanguine and generous spirit to resign all hope, or to believe that humanity is absolutely extinct in the bosom of the Jew, that she calls on Antonio, as a last resource, to speak for himself. His gentle, yet manly resignation, the deep pathos of his farewell, and the affectionate allusion to herself in his last address to Bassanio—

Commend me to your honourable wife;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death, etc.—

are well calculated to swell that emotion, which through the whole scene must have been labouring suppressed within her heart.

At length the crisis arrives, for patience and womanhood can endure no longer; and when Shylock, carrying his savage bent "to the last hour of act," springs on his victim—"A sentence! come, prepare!"—then the smothered scorn, indignation, and disgust burst forth with an impetuosity which interferes with the judicial solemnity she had at first affected, particularly in the speech—

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh, etc.

But she afterwards recovers her propriety, and triumphs with a cooler scorn and a more self-possessed exultation.

It is clear that, to feel the full force and dramatic beauty of this marvellous scene, we must go along with Portia as well as with Shylock; we must understand her concealed purpose, keep in mind her noble motives, and pursue in our fancy the under current of feeling, working in her mind

throughout. The terror and the power of Shylock's character, his deadly and inexorable malice, would be too oppressive, the pain and pity too intolerable, and the horror of the possible issue too overwhelming, but for the intellectual relief afforded by this double source of interest and contemplation. . . .

A prominent feature in Portia's character is that confiding, buoyant spirit, which mingles with all her thoughts and affections. And here let me observe, that I never yet met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest order, who was not also remarkable for this trusting spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility. Lady Wortley Montagu was one instance; and Madame de Staël furnishes another much more memorable. In her Corinne, whom she drew from herself, this natural brightness of temper is a prominent part of the character. A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education: in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age; it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination. In the casket-scene, she fears indeed the issue of the trial, on which more than her life is hazarded; but while she trembles, her hope is stronger than her fear. . . . .

Her subsequent surrender of herself in heart and soul, of her maiden freedom, and her vast possessions, can never be read without deep emotions; for not only all the tenderness and delicacy of a devoted woman are here blended with all the dignity which becomes the princely heiress of Belmont, but the serious, measured self-possession of her address to

her lover, when all suspense is over, and all concealment superfluous, is most beautifully consistent with the character. It is, in truth, an awful moment, that in which a gifted woman first discovers that, besides talents and powers, she has also passions and affections; when she first begins to suspect their vast importance in the sum of her existence; when she first confesses that her happiness is no longer in her own keeping, but is surrendered forever and forever into the dominion of another! The possession of uncommon powers of mind is so far from affording relief or resource in the first intoxicating surprise—I had almost said terror—of such a revolution, that they render it more intense. The sources of thought multiply beyond calculation the sources of feeling; and mingled, they rush together, a torrent deep as strong. Because Portia is endued with that enlarged comprehension which looks before and after, she does not feel the less, but the more; because from the height of her commanding intellect she can contemplate the force, the tendency, the consequences of her own sentiments—because she is fully sensible of her own situation, and the value of all she concedes—the concession is not made with less entireness and devotion of heart, less confidence in the truth and worth of her lover, than when Juliet, in a similar moment, but without any such intrusive reflections—any check but the instinctive delicacy of her sex, flings herself and her fortunes at the feet of her lover:

> And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
> And follow thee, my lord, through all the world.*

In Portia's confession—"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand," etc.—which is not breathed from a moonlit balcony, but spoken openly in the presence of her attendants and vassals, there is nothing of the passionate self-abandonment of Juliet, nor of the artless simplicity of Miranda, but a consciousness and a tender seriousness, approaching to solemnity, which are not less touching.

* *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2.

We must also remark that the sweetness, the solicitude, the subdued fondness which she afterwards displays, relative to the letter, are as true to the softness of her sex, as the generous self-denial with which she urges the departure of Bassanio (having first given him a husband's right over herself and all her countless wealth) is consistent with a reflecting mind, and a spirit at once tender, reasonable, and magnanimous. . .

In the last act, Shylock and his machinations being dismissed from our thoughts, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* assembled together at Belmont, all our interest and all our attention are riveted on Portia, and the conclusion leaves the most delightful impression on the fancy. The playful equivoque of the rings, the sportive trick she puts on her husband, and her thorough enjoyment of the jest, which she checks just as it is proceeding beyond the bounds of propriety, show how little she was displeased by the sacrifice of her gift, and are all consistent with her bright and buoyant spirit. In conclusion, when Portia invites her company to enter her palace to refresh themselves after their travels, and talk over "these events at full," the imagination, unwilling to lose sight of the brilliant group, follows them in gay procession from the lovely moonlight garden to marble halls and princely revels, to splendor and festive mirth, to love and happiness. . .

It is observable that something of the intellectual brilliance of Portia is reflected on the other female characters of *The Merchant of Venice* so as to preserve in the midst of contrast a certain harmony and keeping. Thus Jessica, though properly kept subordinate, is certainly

A most beautiful pagan—a most sweet Jew.

She cannot be called a sketch—or if a sketch, she is like one of those dashed off in glowing colours from the rainbow palette of a Rubens; she has a rich tinge of Orientalism shed over her, worthy of her Eastern origin. In another play, and

in any other companionship than that of the matchless Portia, Jessica would make a very beautiful heroine of herself. Nothing can be more poetically, more classically fanciful and elegant than the scenes between her and Lorenzo — the celebrated moonlight dialogue, for instance, which we all have by heart. Every sentiment she utters interests us for her— more particularly her bashful self-reproach, when flying in the disguise of a page :

> I am glad 'tis night, you do not look upon me,
> For I am much asham'd of my exchange ;
> But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
> The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
> For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
> To see me thus transformed to a boy.

And the enthusiastic and generous testimony to the superior graces and accomplishments of Portia comes with a peculiar grace from her lips :

> Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
> And on the wager lay two earthly women,
> And Portia one, there must be something else
> Pawned with the other ; for the poor rude world
> Hath not her fellow.

We should not, however, easily pardon her for cheating her father with so much indifference but for the perception that Shylock values his daughter far beneath his wealth :

> I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! —would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin !

Nerissa is a good specimen of a common genus of characters ; she is a clever confidential waiting-woman, who has caught a little of her lady's elegance and romance ; she affects to be lively and sententious, falls in love, and makes her favour conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and, in short, mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay, talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays.**]

This is a play that in spite of the change of manners and prejudices still holds undisputed possession of the stage. . . . In proportion as Shylock has ceased to be a popular bugbear, "baited with the rabble's curse," he becomes a half-favourite with the philosophical part of the audience, who are disposed to think that Jewish revenge is at least as good as Christian injuries. Shylock is *a good hater;* "a man no less sinned against than sinning." If he carries his revenge too far, yet he has strong grounds for "the lodged hate he bears Antonio," which he explains with equal force of eloquence and reason. He seems the depositary of the vengeance of his race; and though the long habit of brooding over daily insults and injuries has crusted over his temper with inveterate misanthropy, and hardened him against the contempt of mankind, this adds but little to the triumphant pretensions of his enemies. There is a strong, quick, and deep sense of justice mixed up with the gall and bitterness of his resentment. The constant apprehension of being burnt alive, plundered, banished, reviled, and trampled on, might be supposed to sour the most forbearing nature, and to take something from that "milk of human kindness" with which his persecutors contemplated his indignities. The desire of revenge is almost inseparable from the sense of wrong; and we can hardly help sympathizing with the proud spirit hid beneath his "Jewish gaberdine," stung to madness by repeated undeserved provocations, and labouring to throw off the load of obloquy and oppression heaped upon him and all his tribe by one desperate act of "lawful" revenge, till the ferociousness of the means by which he is to execute his purpose, and the pertinacity with which he adheres to it, turn us against him; but even at last, when disappointed of the

* *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt; edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 189 fol.

sanguinary revenge with which he had glutted his hopes, and exposed to beggary and contempt by the letter of the law on which he had insisted with so little remorse, we pity him, and think him hardly dealt with by his judges. In all his answers and retorts upon his adversaries, he has the best not only of the argument but of the question, reasoning on their own principles and practice. They are so far from allowing of any measure of equal dealing, of common justice or humanity between themselves and the Jew, that even when they come to ask a favour of him, and Shylock reminds them that on such a day they spit upon him, another spurned him, another called him dog, and for these courtesies they request he'll lend them so much money, Antonio, his old enemy, instead of any acknowledgment of the shrewdness and justice of his remonstrance, which would have been preposterous in a respectable Catholic merchant in those times, threatens him with a repetition of the same treatment:

> I am as like to call thee so again,
> To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

After this, the appeal to the Jew's mercy, as if there were any common principle of right and wrong between them, is the rankest hypocrisy or the blindest prejudice. . . .

The whole of the trial-scene, both before and after the entrance of Portia, is a masterpiece of dramatic skill. The legal acuteness, the passionate declamations, the sound maxims of jurisprudence, the wit and irony interspersed in it, the fluctuations of hope and fear in the different persons, and the completeness and suddenness of the catastrophe, cannot be surpassed. Shylock, who is his own counsel, defends himself well, and is triumphant on all the general topics that are urged against him, and only fails through a legal flaw. . . . The keenness of his revenge awakes all his faculties; and he beats back all opposition to his purpose, whether grave or gay, whether of wit or argument, with an equal

degree of earnestness and self-possession. His character is displayed as distinctly in other less prominent parts of the play, and we may collect from a few sentences the history of his life—his descent and origin, his thrift and domestic economy, his affection for his daughter, whom he loves next to his wealth, his courtship and his first present to Leah his wife! "I would not have given it (the ring which he first gave her) for a wilderness of monkeys!" What a fine Hebraism is implied in this expression! . . .

When we first went to see Mr. Kean in Shylock, we expected to see, what we had been used to see, a decrepit old man, bent with age and ugly with mental deformity, grinning with deadly malice, with the venom of his heart congealed in the expression of his countenance, sullen, morose, gloomy, inflexible, brooding over one idea, that of his hatred, and fixed on one unalterable purpose, that of his revenge. We were disappointed, because we had taken our idea from other actors, not from the play. There is no proof there that Shylock is old, but a single line, "Bassanio and *old* Shylock, both stand forth"—which does not imply that he is infirm with age—and the circumstance that he has a daughter marriageable, which does not imply that he is old at all. It would be too much to say that his body should be made crooked and deformed to answer to his mind, which is bowed down and warped with prejudices and passion. That he has but one idea is not true; he has more ideas than any other person in the piece; and if he is intense and inveterate in the pursuit of his purpose, he shows the utmost elasticity, vigour, and presence of mind, in the means of attaining it. But so rooted was our habitual impression of the part from seeing it caricatured in the representation, that it was only from a careful perusal of the play itself that we saw our error. The stage is not in general the best place to study our author's characters in. It is too often filled with traditional commonplace conceptions of the part, handed down

from sire to son, and suited to the taste of *the great vulgar and the small.* "'T is an unweeded garden; things rank and gross do merely gender in it."* If a man of genius comes once in an age to clear away the rubbish, to make it fruitful and wholesome, they cry, "'T is a bad school; it may be like nature, it may be like Shakespear, but it is not like us." Admirable critics!

[*From Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere."* †]

Antonio is one of the most beautiful of Shakspere's characters. He does not take a very prominent part in the drama: he is a sufferer rather than an actor. We view him, in the outset, rich, liberal, surrounded with friends; yet he is unhappy. He has higher aspirations than those which ordinarily belong to one dependent upon the chances of commerce; and this uncertainty, as we think, produces his unhappiness. He will not acknowledge the forebodings of evil which come across his mind. Ulrici says, "It was the overgreat magnitude of his earthly riches, which, although his heart was by no means dependent upon their amount, unconsciously confined the free flight of his soul." We doubt if Shakspere meant this. He has addressed the reproof of that state of mind to Portia, from the lips of Nerissa:

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the

* Hazlitt is evidently quoting from memory. The reading in *Ham.* i. 2. 135 is:

'T is an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

Shakespeare uses the verb *gender* only in *Oth.* iv. 2. 63:

a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in.

† *Pictorial Edition of Shakspere*, edited by Charles Knight (2d ed. London, 1867), vol. i. of *Comedies*, p. 452 fol.

same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, *they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.*

Antonio may say—

> In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;

but his reasoning denial of the cause of his sadness is a proof to us that the foreboding of losses—

> Enow to press a royal merchant down,

is at the bottom of his sadness. It appears to us as a self-delusion, which his secret nature rejects, that he says,

> My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
> Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
> Upon the fortune of this present year:
> Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

When he has given the fatal bond, he has a sort of desperate confidence, which to us looks very unlike assured belief:

> Why, fear not, man, I will not forfeit it;
> Within these two months, that 's a month before
> This bond expires, *I do expect* return
> Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

And, finally, when his calamity has become a real thing, and not a shadowy notion, his deportment shows that his mind has been long familiar with images of ruin:

> Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
> Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
> For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
> Than is her custom: it is still her use,
> To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
> To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
> An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
> Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

The generosity of Antonio's nature unfitted him for a contest with the circumstances amid which his lot was cast. The Jew says—

> In low simplicity,
> He lends out money gratis.

He himself says—

> I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
> Many that have at times made moan to me.

Bassanio describes him, as

> The kindest man,
> The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
> In doing courtesies.

To such a spirit, whose "means are in supposition"—whose ventures are "squander'd abroad"—the curse of the Jew must have sometimes presented itself to his own prophetic mind:

> This is the fool that lends out money gratis.

Antonio and his position are not in harmony. But there is something else discordant in Antonio's mind. This kind friend—this generous benefactor—this gentle spirit—this man "unwearied in doing courtesies"—can outrage and insult a fellow-creature, because he is of another creed:

> *Shylock.* Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurn'd me such a day; another time
> You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
> I 'll lend you thus much moneys.
> *Antonio.* I am as like to call thee so again,
> To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.

Was it without an object that Shakspere made this man, so entitled to command our affections and our sympathy, act so unworthy a part, and not be ashamed of the act? Most assuredly the poet did not intend to justify the indignities which were heaped upon Shylock; for in the very strongest way he has made the Jew remember the insult in the progress of his wild revenge:

> Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause:
> But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

Here, to our minds, is the first of the lessons of charity which this play teaches. Antonio is as much to be pitied for his

prejudices as the Jew for his. They had both been nurtured in evil opinions. They had both been surrounded by influences which more or less held in subjection their better natures. The honoured Christian is as intolerant as the despised Jew. The one habitually pursues with injustice the subjected man that he has been taught to loathe; the other, in the depths of his subtle obstinacy, seizes upon the occasion to destroy the powerful man that he has been compelled to fear. The companions of Antonio exhibit, more or less, the same reflection of the prejudices which have become to them a second nature. They are not so gross in their prejudices as Launcelot, to whom "the Jew is the very devil incarnation." But to Lorenzo, who is about to marry his daughter, Shylock is a "faithless Jew." When the unhappy father is bereft of all that constituted the solace of his home, and before he has manifested that spirit of revenge which might well call for indignation and contempt, he is to the gentlemanly Salanio "the villain Jew," and "the dog Jew." When the unhappy man speaks of his daughter's flight, he is met with a brutal jest on the part of Salarino, who, within his own circle, is the pleasantest of men: "I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal." We can understand the reproaches that are heaped upon Shylock in the trial scene, as something that might come out of the depths of any passion-stirred nature; but the habitual contempt with which he is treated by men who in every other respect are gentle and good-humoured and benevolent, is a proof to us that Shakspere meant to represent the struggle that must inevitably ensue, in a condition of society where the innate sense of justice is deadened in the powerful by those hereditary prejudices which make cruelty virtue; and where the powerless, invested by accident with the means of revenge, say with Shylock, "The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction." The climax of this subjection of our higher and bet-

ter natures to conventional circumstances is to be found in the character of the Jew's daughter. Young, agreeable, intelligent, formed for happiness, she is shut up by her father in a dreary solitude. One opposed to her in creed gains her affections; and the ties which bind the father and the child are broken forever. But they are not broken without compunction:

> Alack! what heinous sin is it in me
> To be asham'd to be my father's child.

This is nature. But when she has fled from him—robbed him—spent fourscore ducats in one night—given his turquoise for a monkey—and, finally, revealed his secrets, with an evasion of the ties that bound them, which makes one's flesh creep,

> When I was *with him*,

we see the poor girl plunged into the most wretched contest between her duties and her pleasures by the force of external circumstances. We grant, then, to all these our compassion; for they commit injustice ignorantly, and through a force which they cannot withstand. Is the Jew himself not to be measured by the same rule? We believe that it was Shakspere's intention so to measure him.

When Pope exclaimed of Macklin's performance of Shylock,

> This is the Jew
> That Shakspere drew!

the higher philosophy of Shakspere was little appreciated. Macklin was, no doubt, from all traditionary report of him, perfectly capable of representing the subtlety of the Jew's malice and the energy of his revenge. But it is a question with us, whether he perceived, or indeed if any actor ever efficiently represented, the more delicate traits of character that lie beneath these two great passions of the Jew's heart. Look, for example, at the extraordinary mixture of the per-

sonal and the national in his dislike of Antonio. He hates him for his gentle manners:

> How like a fawning publican he looks!

He hates him, "for he is a Christian;" he hates him, for that "he lends out money gratis;" but he hates him more than all, because

> He hates our sacred nation.

It is this national feeling which, when carried in a right direction, makes a patriot and a hero, that assumes in Shylock the aspect of a grovelling and fierce personal revenge. He has borne insult and injury "with a patient shrug;" but ever in small matters he has been seeking retribution:

> I am not bid for love, they flatter me;
> But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
> The prodigal Christian.

The mask is at length thrown off—he has the Christian in his power; and his desire of revenge, mean and ferocious as it is, rises into sublimity, through the unconquerable energy of the oppressed man's wilfulness. "I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that." It is impossible, after this exposition of his feelings, that we should not feel that he has properly cast the greater portion of the odium which belongs to his actions upon the social circumstances by which he has been hunted into madness. He has been made the thing he is by society. In the extreme wildness of his anger, when he utters the harrowing imprecation,—"I would my daughter were dead at my foot,

and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin;" the tenderness that belongs to our common humanity, even in its most passionate forgetfulness of the dearest ties, comes across him in the remembrance of the mother of that execrated child:—"Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor."

It is in the conduct of the trial scene that, as it appears to us, is to be sought the concentration of Shakspere's leading idea in the composition of this drama. The merchant stands before the Jew a better and a wiser man than when he called him "dog:"

> I do oppose
> My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
> To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
> The very tyranny and rage of his.

Misfortune has corrected the influences which, in happier moments, allowed him to forget the gentleness of his nature, and to heap unmerited abuse upon him whose badge was sufferance. The Jew is unchanged. But if Shakspere in the early scenes made us entertain some compassion for his wrongs, he has now left him to bear all the indignation which we ought to feel against one "uncapable of pity." But we cannot despise the Jew. His intellectual vigour rises supreme over the mere reasonings by which he is opposed. He defends his own injustice by the example of as great an injustice of everyday occurrence—and no one ventures to answer him:

> You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
> Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
> You use in abject and in slavish parts,
> Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
> Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
> Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
> Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
> Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,

> The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:
> The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
> Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it.
> If you deny me, fie upon your law!

It would have been exceedingly difficult for the merchant to have escaped from the power of the obdurate man, so strong in the letter of the law, and so resolute to carry it out by the example of his judges in other matters, had not the law been found here, as in most other cases, capable of being bent to the will of its administrators. Had it been the inflexible thing which Shylock required it to be, a greater injustice would have been committed than the Jew had finally himself to suffer. . . .

Had Shylock relented after that most beautiful appeal to his mercy, which Shakspere has here placed as the exponent of the higher principle upon which all law and right are essentially dependent, the real moral of the drama would have been destroyed. The weight of injuries transmitted to Shylock from his forefathers, and still heaped upon him even by the best of those by whom he was surrounded, was not so easily to become light, and to cease to exasperate his nature. Nor would it have been a true picture of society in the sixteenth century had the poet shown the judges of the Jew wholly magnanimous in granting him the mercy which he denied to the Christian. We certainly do not agree with the Duke, in his address to Shylock, that the conditions upon which his life is spared are imposed—

> That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit.

Nor do we think that Shakspere meant to hold up these conditions as anything better than examples of the mode in which the strong are accustomed to deal with the weak. There is still something discordant in this, the real catastrophe of the drama. It could not be otherwise, and yet be true to nature.

But how artistically has the poet restored the balance of

pleasurable sensations! Throughout the whole conduct of the play, what may be called its tragic portion has been relieved by the romance which belongs to the personal fate of Portia. But after the great business of the drama is wound up, we fall back upon a repose which is truly refreshing and harmonious. From the lips of Lorenzo and Jessica, as they sit in the "paler day" of an Italian moon, are breathed the lighter strains of the most playful poetry, mingled with the highest flights of the most elevated. Music and the odours of sweet flowers are around them. Happiness is in their hearts. Their thoughts are lifted by the beauties of the earth above the earth. This delicious scene belongs to what is universal and eternal, and takes us far away from those bitter strifes of our social state which are essentially narrow and temporary. And then come the affectionate welcomes, the pretty, pouting contests, and the happy explanations of Portia and Nerissa with Bassanio and Gratiano. Here again we are removed into a sphere where the calamities of fortune, and the injustice of man warring against man, may be forgotten. The poor Merchant is once more happy. The "gentle spirit" of Portia is perhaps the happiest, for she has triumphantly concluded a work as religious as her pretended pilgrimage "by holy crosses." To use the words of Dr. Ulrici, "the sharp contrarieties of right and unright are played out."

[*From White's Introduction to the Play.**]

We find, then, that the story of this comedy, even to its episodic part and its minutest incidents, had been told again and again long before Shakespeare was born—that even certain expressions in it occur in the works of the preceding authors —in Giovanni Fiorentino's version of the story of the Bond, in the story of the Caskets, as told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the ballad of Gernutus, and in Massuccio di Salerno's

* White's *Shakespeare*, vol. iv. p. 139.

novel about the girl who eloped from and robbed her miserly father—and it is more than probable that even the combination of the first two of these had been made before *The Merchant of Venice* was written. What then remains to Shakespeare? and what is there to show that he is not a plagiarist? Everything that makes *The Merchant of Venice* what it is. The people are puppets, and the incidents are all in these old stories. They are mere bundles of barren sticks that the poet's touch causes to bloom like Aaron's rod: they are heaps of dry bones till he clothes them with human flesh and breathes into them the breath of life. *Antonio*, grave, pensive, prudent save in his devotion to his young kinsman, as a Christian hating the Jew, as a royal merchant despising the usurer; *Bassanio*, lavish yet provident, a generous gentleman although a fortune-seeker, wise although a gay gallant, and manly though dependent; *Gratiano*, who unites the not too common virtues of thorough good nature and unselfishness with the sometimes not unserviceable fault of talking for talk's sake; *Shylock*, crafty and cruel, whose revenge is as mean as it is fierce and furious, whose abuse never rises to invective, and who has yet some dignity of port as the avenger of a nation's wrongs, some claim upon our sympathy as a father outraged by his only child; and *Portia*, matchless impersonation of that rare woman who is gifted even more in intellect than loveliness, and who yet stops gracefully short of the offence of intellectuality—these, not to notice minor characters no less perfectly organized or completely developed after their kind—these, and the poetry which is their atmosphere, and through which they beam upon us, all radiant in its golden light, are Shakespeare's only; and these it is, and not the incidents of old and, but for these, forgotten tales, that make *The Merchant of Venice* a priceless and imperishable dower to the queenly city that sits enthroned upon the sea—a dower of romance more bewitching than that of her moonlit waters and beauty-laden balconies, of adornment

more splendid than that of her pictured palaces, of human interest more enduring than that of her blood-stained annals, more touching even than the sight of her faded grandeur.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere Primer."* *]

The distinction of Portia among Shakspere's women is the union in her nature of high intellectual powers and decision of will with a heart full of ardour and of susceptibility to romantic feelings. She has herself never known trouble or sorrow, but prosperity has left her generous and quick in sympathy. Her noble use of wealth and joyous life, surrounded with flowers and fountains and marble statues and music, stands in contrast over against the hard, sad, and contracted life of Shylock, one of a persecuted tribe, absorbed in one or two narrowing and intense passions—the love of the money-bags he clutches and yet fails to keep, and his hatred of the man who had scorned his tribe, insulted his creed, and diminished his gains. Yet Shylock is not like Marlowe's Jew, Barabas, a preternatural monster. Wolf-like as his revenge shows him, we pity his joyless, solitary life; and when, ringed round in the trial scene with hostile force, he stands firm upon his foothold of the law, there is something sublime in his tenacity of passion and resolve. But we feel that it is right that this evil strength should be utterly crushed and quelled, and when Shylock leaves the court a broken man, we know it is needful that this should be so.

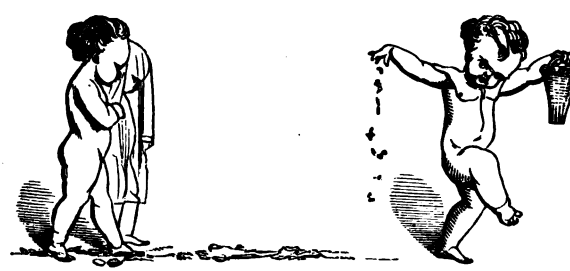
The choosing of the caskets shows us Portia, who will strictly interpret the law of Venice for Shylock and Antonio, loyally abiding by the provisions which her father has laid down in her own case. And Bassanio is ennobled in our eyes by his choice; for the gold, silver, and lead of the caskets, with their several inscriptions, are a test of true

* *Literature Primers: Shakspere*, by Edward Dowden, LL.D. (London, 1878), p. 95 fol.

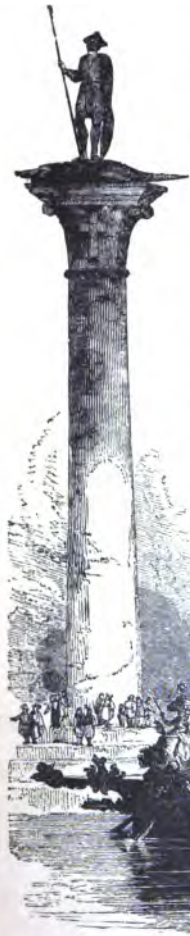
lovers. Bassanio does not come as a needy adventurer to choose the golden casket, or to "gain" or "get" anything, but in the true spirit of self-abandoning love "to give," not to get, "and hazard all he hath;" and having dared to give all he gains all.

The lyrical boy-and-girl love of Lorenzo and Jessica brings out by contrast the grave and glad earnestness of Portia's love and Bassanio's. Jessica has not a thought of loyalty to *her* father—nor is it to be expected. The lyrical passages between Lorenzo and Jessica in the moonlit garden, ending with the praise of music, contrast with Portia's generalizing reflections (the wake of thought still undulating after her great intellectual effort at the trial), suggested by the light seen and music heard as she approaches her house, and by her failing to receive any pleasure from the music which Lorenzo has so eloquently praised.

The comedy must end mirthfully. After the real struggle and the strain of interest respecting Antonio's fate, we pass on to the playful differences about the rings; from the court of justice at Venice we are carried to the luminous night in the gardens of Belmont. Even Antonio's ships must not be lost; a moment of happiness after trouble cannot be too perfect.



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE



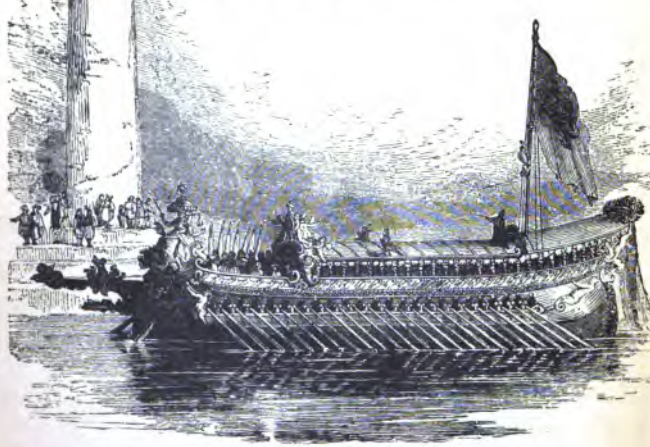
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to Portia.
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his friend.
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown.
OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
SALERIO, a messenger.
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
BALTHASAR, } servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich heiress.
NERISSA, her waiting-maid.
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice. Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.*



ARGOSIES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Antonio. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,

Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.
Salarino. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Antonio. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate

Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salarino. Why, then you are in love.
Antonio. Fie, fie!
Salarino. Not in love neither? Then let us say you 're sad
Because you are not merry; and 't were as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you 're merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salanio. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.
Salarino. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Antonio. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salarino. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bassanio. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?
Salarino. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Lorenzo. My Lord Bassanio, since you 've found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bassanio. I will not fail you.
Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio;

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gratiano. Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time;
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well a while;
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lorenzo. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gratiano. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
Antonio. Farewell; I 'll grow a talker for this gear.
Gratiano. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried. [*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*
Antonio. Is that any thing now?
Bassanio. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.
Antonio. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?
Bassanio. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Antonio. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bassanio. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,

To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Antonio. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it; therefore speak.

Bassanio. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Antonio. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;

Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. —O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead —whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia. Ay, that 's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Nerissa. Then is there the County Palatine.

Portia. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'An you will not have me, choose.' He hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Nerissa. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Portia. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Nerissa. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Portia. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Nerissa. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Portia. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

Nerissa. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Portia. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Nerissa. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Nerissa. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Portia. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's

will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I wish them a fair departure.

Nerissa. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Nerissa. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Portia. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice. A Public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock. For three months,—well.

Bassanio. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bassanio. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shylock. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bassanio. Your answer to that.

Shylock. Antonio is a good man.

Bassanio. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylock. Ho, no, no, no, no; my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats,—I think I may take his bond.

Bassanio. Be assured you may.

Shylock. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio. If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down

Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
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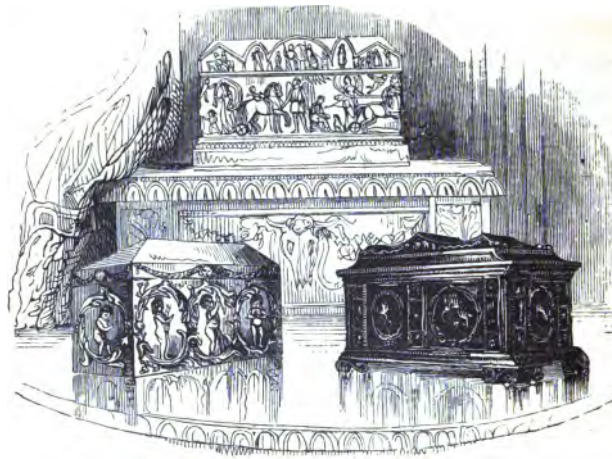


THE CASKETS.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and others attending.*

Morocco. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Portia. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.
Morocco. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
Portia. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.
Morocco. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.
Portia. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Morocco. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son,—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gobbo. Master young man, you! I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot. [*Aside*] O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not.—I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Launcelot. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—[*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say 't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Launcelot. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gobbo. Your worship's friend and Launcelot.

Launcelot. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Launcelot. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman—according to fates and destinies and such odd sayings, the sisters three and such branches of learning—is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot. [*Aside*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? [*To him*] Do you know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy—God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

Launcelot. Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Launcelot. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me; it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murther cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo. I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gobbo. Her name is Margery, indeed; I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gobbo. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree you now?

Launcelot. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will

run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO *and other followers.*

Bassanio. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Launcelot. To him, father.

Gobbo. God bless your worship!

Bassanio. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gobbo. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Launcelot. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gobbo. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Launcelot. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gobbo. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins—

Launcelot. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gobbo. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is—

Launcelot. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bassanio. One speak for both.—What would you?

Launcelot. Serve you, sir.

Gobbo. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bassanio. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit.
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Launcelot. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bassanio. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery [*To his followers.*
More guarded than his fellows'; see it done.

Launcelot. Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book!—I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here 's a simple line of life! here 's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing! aleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,—here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*

Bassanio. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Where is your master?

Leonardo. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio!

Bassanio. Gratiano!

Gratiano. I have a suit to you.

Bassanio. You have obtain'd it.

Gratiano. You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

Bassanio. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,—
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gratiano. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen,'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bassanio. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gratiano. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bassanio. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well;
I have some business.
Gratiano. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Launcelot. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu!

Jessica. Farewell, good Launcelot.— [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lorenzo. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return,
All in an hour.

Gratiano. We have not made good preparation.

Salarino. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salanio. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lorenzo. 'T is now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?

Launcelot. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lorenzo. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
— *Gratiano.* Love-news, in faith.
Launcelot. By your leave, sir.
Lorenzo. Whither goest thou?
Launcelot. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lorenzo. Hold here, take this.—Tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her;—speak it privately.
Go.—Gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salarino. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.
Salanio. And so will I.
Lorenzo. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salarino. 'T is good we do so. [*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Gratiano. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lorenzo. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Same. Before Shylock's House.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shylock. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me,—what, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Launcelot. Why, Jessica!

Shylock. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Launcelot. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jessica. Call you? what is your will?

Shylock. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Launcelot. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shylock. So do I his.

Launcelot. And they have conspired together;—I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shylock. What! are there masques?—Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements:

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Launcelot. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at window, for all this:

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shylock. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jessica. His words were 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shylock. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jessica. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The Same.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gratiano. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salarino. His hour is almost past.

Gratiano. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salarino. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gratiano. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salarino. Here comes Lorenzo.—More of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who 's within?

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jessica. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lorenzo. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jessica. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lorenzo. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jessica. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lorenzo. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jessica. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.
Lorenzo. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jessica. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*
Gratiano. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.
Lorenzo. Beshrew me but I love her heartily!
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.—

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Who 's there?
Gratiano. Signior Antonio!
Antonio. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard.
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gratiano. I am glad on 't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and their trains.*

Portia. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

Morocco. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Portia. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Morocco. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*'
Must give—for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*'
As much as he deserves? Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve? Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold;
'*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*'
Why, that 's the lady: all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia.
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Portia. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Morocco. O hell! what have we here?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I 'll read the writing.

'All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold;
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.'

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train.*

Portia. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains; go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt. Flourish of cornets.*

SCENE VIII. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salarino. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salanio. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salarino. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salanio. I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

Salarino. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salanio. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salarino. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salanio. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salarino. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there.'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salanio. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salarino. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA *with a* Servitor.

Nerissa. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

Portia. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Arragon. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Portia. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Arragon. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
'*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*'

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
'*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*'
What many men desire! that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:*'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*'
I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Arragon. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike are thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'*Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.*'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Portia. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Arragon. What is here?

'*The fire seven times tried this:*
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone; you are sped.'

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here;
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

Portia. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Nerissa. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Portia. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

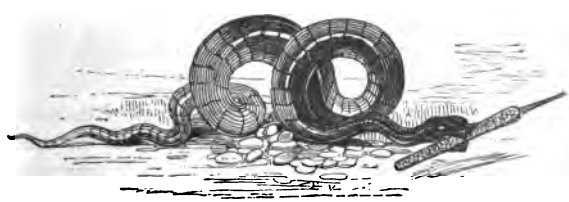
Servant. Where is my lady?

Portia. Here; what would my lord?

Servant. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Portia. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Nerissa. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*



RIALTO BRIDGE.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without

any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, —— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha! what sayest thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salanio. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That 's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salarino. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what 's that good for?

Shylock. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains,

scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salanio, Salarino, and Servant.*

Shylock. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shylock. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the

ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so; and I know not how much is spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shylock. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tubal. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal! — Good news, good news! ha, ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it. I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

Portia. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear a while.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bassanio. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Portia. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bassanio. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.

There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Portia. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.
Bassanio. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.
Portia. Well then, confess and live.
Bassanio. Confess and love
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Portia. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch; such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live.—With much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bassanio. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty;—in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Portia. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bassanio. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demigod
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes!—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

'You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.'

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive. [*Kissing her.*
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead!

Nerissa. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gratiano. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For I am sure you can wish none from me;
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bassanio. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gratiano. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Portia. Is this true, Nerissa?

Nerissa. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bassanio. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gratiano. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bassanio. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gratiano. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO, *a messenger from Venice.*

Bassanio. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Portia. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lorenzo. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Salerio. I did, my lord;

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*
Bassanio. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Salerio. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gratiano. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.—
Your hand, Salerio; what 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Salerio. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Portia. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bassanio. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salerio. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessica. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Portia. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bassanio. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Portia. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bassanio. For me, three thousand ducats.
Portia. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Bassanio. [Reads] '*Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*'
Portia. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bassanio. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shylock. Gaoler, look to him; tell not me of mercy.—

This is the fool that lends out money gratis.—
Gaoler, look to him.

Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shylock. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*

Salarino. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Antonio. Let him alone;
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salarino. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Antonio. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go;
These griefs and losses have so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHASAR.

Lorenzo. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Portia. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return; for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,

Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
Lorenzo. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Portia. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lorenzo. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jessica. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Portia. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you; fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.
Balthasar. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Portia. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Nerissa. Shall they see us?
Portia. They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Launcelot. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good.

Jessica. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Launcelot. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jessica. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Launcelot. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jessica. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lorenzo. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot.

Jessica. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

Lorenzo. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Launcelot. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lorenzo. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Launcelot. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lorenzo. Will you cover then, sir?

Launcelot. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lorenzo. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Launcelot. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lorenzo. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.—How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jessica. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lorenzo. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

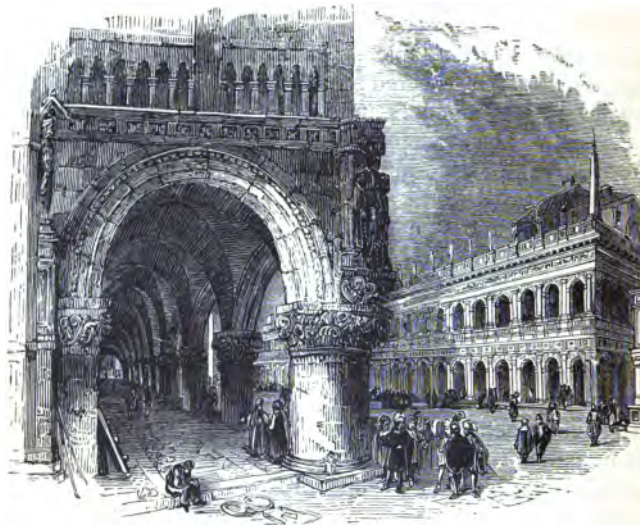
Jessica. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lorenzo. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jessica. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lorenzo. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jessica. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*



COLONNADE OF DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salerio. He is ready at the door; he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 't is thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I 'll not answer that;

But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat:
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat,
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shylock. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what 's harder?—
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,

But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Salerio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
Bassanio. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit

Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*
Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gratiano. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
Shylock. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he?
Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart.—Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [Reads] '*Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant; we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*'

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Portia. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond?
Antonio. I do.
Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Portia. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shylock. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Portia. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven;
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Portia. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shylock. 'T is very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shylock. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.
Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shylock. I have them ready.
Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Portia. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
Shylock. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.
Portia. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Antonio. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Nerissa. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shylock. [*Aside*] These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!—
[*To Portia*] We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge!

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learned judge!—A sentence! Come, prepare!

Portia. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

Shylock. Is that the law?
Portia. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gratiano. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew!—a learned judge!
Shylock. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bassanio. Here is the money.
Portia. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Portia. Why doth the Jew pause?—Take thy forfeiture.
Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Portia. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
'll stay no longer question.

Portia. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gratiano. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Portia. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shylock. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gratiano. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Antonio. So please my lord the duke and all the court

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shylock. I am content.

Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shylock. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gratiano. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Portia. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.—
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bassanio. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Portia. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.—
[*To Antonio*] Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;—
[*To Bassanio*] And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you.—
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bassanio. This ring, good sir,—alas! it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Portia. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bassanio. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Portia. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,

And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Antonio. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bassanio. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.—[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we 'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en;
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Portia. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gratiano. That will I do.

Nerissa. Sir, I would speak with you.—
[*Aside to Portia*] I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Portia. [*Aside to Nerissa*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Nerissa. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise—in such a night,
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jessica. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jessica. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Stephano. A friend.
Lorenzo. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Stephano. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lorenzo. Who comes with her?
Stephano. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lorenzo. Who calls?

Launcelot. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Launcelot. Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo. Here.

Launcelot. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lorenzo. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; why should we go in?—
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.— [*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Nerissa. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.—Music! hark!
Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd. [*Music ceases.*
Lorenzo. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Portia. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lorenzo. Dear lady, welcome home.
Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lorenzo. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Portia. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*
Lorenzo. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Portia. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Bassanio. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Portia. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bassanio. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Portia. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Antonio. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Portia. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gratiano. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.
Portia. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?
Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose poesy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'
Nerissa. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave;
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.
Gratiano. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Nerissa. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gratiano. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Portia. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bassanio. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gratiano. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Nerissa. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bassanio. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Portia. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him any thing I have.

Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Portia. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;

In each eye, one!—Swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.
Bassanio. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried; I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Portia. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Antonio. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bassanio. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Portia. You are all amaz'd.
Here is a letter: read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario.
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Antonio. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Portia. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Nerissa. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lorenzo. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Portia. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully. [*Exeunt.*

THE AVON AND STRATFORD CHURCH.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*.
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (2d ed.).
Fol., following.
Fr., French.
H., Hudson (1st ed.).
H.'s quarto, Heyes's quarto edition of the Play.
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (2d ed.).
N. F., Norman-French.
Prol., Prologue.
R.'s quarto, Roberts's quarto edition of the Play.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
Var. ed., the *Variorum* edition of Shakespeare (1821).
W., R. Grant White.
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).
Wr., Clark and Wright's "Clarendon Press" ed. of *M. of V.* (Oxford, 1868).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant. The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.

AN ARGOSY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the 1st folio, the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes, and there is no list of *dramatis personæ*.

1. *In sooth.* In truth. A. S. *sóth* (truth, true, truly), as in *forsooth*, *soothsayer* (teller of *hidden* truth). Gower alludes to the origin of the latter word (*Conf. Am.* i.):

> "That for he wiste he *saide soth*
> A *soth-saier* he was for ever."

3. *Came by it.* A familiar colloquial idiom in this country, but apparently not in England, since the editors there take the trouble to explain it.

8. *On the ocean.* *Ocean* is here a trisyllable; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 50. See Gr. 479; and cf. Milton, *Hymn on Nativ.* 66: "Whispering new joys to the mild ocean." Cf. also *opinion* in 102 below.

9. *Argosies.* Merchant vessels (sometimes war vessels) of great size for that day, though not exceeding two hundred tons. The name is from the classical *Argo*, through the low Latin *argis*. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 376, etc.

11. *Pageants.* The word in S. means usually a theatrical exhibition, literal or figurative. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 163. See also the verb in *T. and C.* i. 3. 151: "he pageants us."

12. *Do overpeer.* This use of the auxiliary was common in Shakespeare's time, though obsolescent. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 14: "Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree." See also *Ham.* iv. 5. 99, etc.

13. *Curtsy.* The same word as *courtesy;* used of both sexes. The quartos have "cursie." Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 159.

15. *Venture.* Still used in this commercial sense. *Forth*=abroad.

17. *Still.* Ever, constantly; as in 136 below. Cf. "still-waking sleep," *R. and J.* i. 1. 187; "still-vexed Bermoothes," *Temp.* i. 2. 229; "still-closing waters," *Temp.* iii. 3. 64, etc. It is even used as an adjective in the sense of *constant*, as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 229: "still use of grief," etc.

24. *Might do at sea.* R.'s quarto has "at sea, might do."

27. *My wealthy Andrew.* My richly freighted ship. Some suppose the name to be taken from that of the famous Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, who died 1560. For *dock'd* the early eds. have "docks;" corrected by Rowe.

28. *Vailing.* Lowering. Cf. "Vail your regard" (=let fall your look), *M. for M.* v. 1. 20, etc. The word is contracted from *avail* or *avale*, the French *avaler* (from Latin *ad vallem*). Spenser uses *avale*, both with an object (*Shep. Kal.* Jan. 73) and without one (*F. Q.* ii. 9. 10).

35. *But even now worth this.* The force of *this* (=all this, so much) was probably meant to be expressed by a gesture.

38. *Bechanc'd.* On the prefix *be-* see Gr. 438.

40. *To think upon.* From thinking upon. Gr. 356.

42. *Bottom.* This word, like *venture*, is still used in commerce in the same sense as here. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 73: "the English bottoms;" *T. N.* v. 1. 60: "the most noble bottom of our fleet," etc.

50. *Two-headed Janus.* The allusion is probably to those ancient bifrontine images in which a grave face was associated with a laughing one.

52. *Peep through their eyes.* That is, eyes half shut with laughter.

54. *Other of such vinegar aspect. Other* is often plural in S. and other writers of the time. Cf. *Job*, xxiv. 24, *Luke*, xxiii. 32, *Phil.* ii. 3, iv. 3. Gr. 12. *Aspect* is always accented on the last syllable in S. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 12. 23: "Most ugly shapes, and horrible aspects;" Milton, *P. L.* iii. 266: "His words here ended, but his meek aspect," etc. This is but one illustration out of many that show the tendency of the accent in English to fall back toward the beginning of the word. Thus we have *chárácter'd* in S. (*T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 4, etc.) and Milton (*Comus*, 530); *contrárу* in S. (*Ham.* iii. 2. 221, etc.) and Spenser (*F. Q.* iii. 1. 47, iii. 2. 40, etc.); *revénue* in S. (*Ham.* iii. 2. 63, etc.); *solémnized* in S. (*L. L. L.* ii. 1. 42) and Spenser (*F. Q.* v. 2. 3); etc.

56. *Nestor.* The oldest of the Greek heroes in the Iliad, famed for his wisdom and gravity. See *T. and C.* i. 3. 32, etc.

61. *Prevented.* In its primitive sense of *anticipated.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 305, etc.; also *Ps.* cxix. 147, and 1 *Thess.* iv. 15.

67. *Exceeding strange.* S., like other writers of his time, often uses *exceeding* as an adverb. He uses *exceedingly* only five times—in four of which it modifies the adverb *well* ("exceedingly well met," *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 144, etc), while in the fifth (*Ham.* v. 2. 103) it modifies an adjective *understood.* Cf. *Gen.* xv. 1, 2 *Sam.* viii. 8, etc. *Exceeding strange*=our expression, "very much of a stranger."

74. *Respect upon the world.* Regard for the world. "There is an allusion to the literal meaning of *respect:* 'You *look* too much *upon* the world'" (Gr. 191).

78. *A stage.* Cf. the famous passage, "All the world 's a stage," *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 139 fol.

79. *Let me play the fool.* Let the part assigned to me be that of the fool; who was always one of the characters in the old comedies. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 154: "thus we play the fools with the time;" and *Lear*, iv. 1. 40: "Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow."

81. *Liver.* Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 1. 23: "I had rather heat my liver with drinking."

82. *Than my heart cool*, etc. There may be an allusion here to the old belief that every sigh or groan robbed the heart of a drop of blood. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 97: "Sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear." See our ed. p. 163.

84. *Alabaster.* All the early eds. have "alablaster," as in all other instances of the word in S. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 42: "Her alablaster breast," etc.

85. *Creep into the jaundice.* In the only other passage in which S. mentions the jaundice, the cause of the disease is, as here, a mental one. See *T. and C.* i. 3. 2.

89. *Do cream and mantle.* Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 139: "the green mantle of the standing pool." R.'s quarto has "dreame" for *cream*.

90. *And do a wilful stillness entertain.* And *who* do maintain an obstinate silence. This kind of ellipsis is not uncommon in writers of the time. Cf. Bacon (*Adv. of L.*): "His eye and tooth they lent to Perseus; and so . . . (he) hastens towards Medusa;" and Spenser (*F. Q.* i. 1. 19):

> "His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine,
> And knitting all his force [he] got one hand free."

91. *With purpose to be dress'd.* Cf. "with purpose presently to leave," etc., *K. John*, v. 7. 86; and "with purpose to relieve," 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 133, etc.

Opinion of wisdom. Reputation for wisdom.

92. *Conceit.* Intellect. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 194, note on 50.

93. *As who should say.* Like one who should say. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 13:

> "As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
> 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death."

96. *That therefore only are reputed wise*, etc. That are reputed wise only on this account, that they say nothing. For similar tranposition of a clause with *therefore*, see *Isa.* v. 13 and *John*, viii. 47. Pope calls silence "Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise."

97. *When, I am very sure*, etc. Rowe changes *when* to "who," and Coll. reads "'t would" for *would;* but it is probable that we have here an ellipsis of the nominative, as in 90 above. Cf. Gr. 399. *Would almost damn*, etc., means that the hearers could hardly help calling them fools, and thus exposing themselves to the judgment threatened in Scripture (*Matt.* v. 22).

102. *Fool-gudgeon.* Old Izaak Walton says of the gudgeon: "It is an

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bassanio. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gratiano. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Nerissa. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bassanio. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.
Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Portia. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him any thing I have.
Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—
Portia. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;

41. *The weeping philosopher.* Heracleitus, of Ephesus, who, from his melancholy disposition, is represented in various old traditions as the contrast to Democritus ("the laughing philosopher"), weeping over the frailties and follies at which the latter laughed.

43. *I had rather to be married. Had rather* and *had better* are good English, though many writers of grammars tell us that we should say *would rather*, etc., instead. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 158. In *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 192, we find the impersonal form, "me rather had." See Gr. 230. *Rather* is the comparative of *rath* (see Milton, *Lycidas:* "the rath primrose"), and is often found in the old writers in the sense of *earlier, sooner.* Thus Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Feb., speaks of "the rather lambes." The *to* is omitted by the quartos and many modern editors, but it is found in the folio. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 191: "I had rather to adopt a child," etc. For *to* with the infinitive, and examples of its use by S. where it would now be omitted, and its omission where it would now be used, see Gr. 349 fol.

46. *How say you by*, etc. *By* here, as not unfrequently =*about* or *concerning.* Cf. ii. 9. 25: "may be meant by the fool multitude." So Latimer (*Serm.*): "How think you by the ceremonies," etc. So in 1 *Cor.* iv. 4, "I know nothing by myself," that is, am conscious of nothing (of guilt) concerning (or against) myself. Gr. 145. For "Monsieur le Bon" the early eds. have "Mounsier *Le Boune.*"

52. *Throstle.* Pope's emendation for the "trassell" of the quartos and 1st folio. The other folios have "tarssell" or "tassell."

A-capering. See Gr. 24.

62. *A proper man's picture.* A *proper* man is a man "as he should be" (Craik); often, a *handsome* man. S. uses *properer* (*R. and J.* ii. 4. 217) and *properest* (*Much Ado*, v. 1. 174) in the same sense. *Improper* (= unbecoming) he uses but once (*Lear*, v. 3. 221).

64. *Suited.* Dressed. Cf. "richly suited," *A. W.* i. 1. 170, and Milton's "civil-suited morn" (*Il Pens.*).

Doublet. "The doublet (so called from being originally lined or wadded for defence) was a close-fitting coat, with skirts reaching a little below the girdle." The "round *hose*" were coverings for the legs, not the feet—"trowsers or breeches, reaching to the knee." The phrase "doublet and hose," as equivalent to "coat and breeches," occurs often in S. See *M. W.* iii. 3. 35, *Much Ado*, v. 1. 203, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 206, 232, etc. "*French* hose" are referred to in *Macb.* ii. 3. 16 and *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 56. *Bonnet*, originally the name of a stuff, came to be applied to the man's cap made of it, as it still is in Scottish.

67. *The Scottish lord.* The *Scottish* of the quartos, printed before the accession of James I., was changed to *other* in the folio of 1623, to avoid giving offence to that monarch. Warb. sees in this passage an allusion to the "constant promises of assistance that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English."

71. *Sealed under for another.* Became surety for another box on the ear.

74. *Vilely. Vildly* or *vildely* in the early eds., as almost always.

80. *You should refuse.* For the *should*, see Gr. 322.

90. *Some other sort.* Some other way; or perhaps *sort* may be =*lot*, as W. suggests. Cf. "draw the sort," *T. and C.* i. 3. 376. *Imposition* = con-

dition *imposed*. In iii. 4. 33 the word is used again in this literal sense of something "laid upon" one as a burden or duty.

92. *Sibylla*. Here used as a proper name, like "Sibyl" in *T. of S.* i. 2. 70. So Bacon, in *Colours of Good and Evil*, 10, speaks of "*Sybilla*, when she brought her three books," and in *Adv. of L.* ii. 23. 33, of "*Sybillaes* books." But in *Oth.* iii. 4. 70 we have "A sibyl," and in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 56, "nine sibyls." The reference here is to the Cumæan sibyl, who obtained from Apollo a promise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hand. The story is told by Ovid, *Met.* xv.

94. *This parcel of wooers*. Cf. "This youthful parcel of noble bachelors," *A. W.* ii. 3. 58.

96. *I wish them a fair departure*. The quartos read, "I pray God grant them," etc. It has been supposed that the latter was the original reading, and that it was changed in the folio on account of the act of Parliament, in the time of James I., against the use of the name of God on the stage. But the folio has the word *God* in more than a dozen places in the play, and Portia herself (though W. thinks it would not "suit her lips" in this case) has used it twice already in this very scene. In ii. 2, Launcelot uses it often and profanely.

105. *Thy praise*. The quartos (followed by some modern eds.) add "How now! what news?"

106. *Seek for you*. The folios omit *for*.

110. *With so good heart as*, etc. We now seldom use *so . . . as*, preferring *as . . . as*, except where *so* requires special emphasis. Gr. 275.

112. *Condition*. Nature, disposition. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 255: "she 's full of most blessed condition;" and *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 157: "I have a touch of your condition," etc. Cf. also "best conditioned," iii. 2. 295 below.

116. *Whiles*. The genitive singular of *while* (which was originally a noun) used as an adverb. It occurs in *Matt.* v. 25. See Gr. 137.

SCENE III.—1. *Ducats*. The value of the Venetian silver ducat was about that of the American dollar.

4. *For the which*. This archaism is occasionally found in S., as in the Bible (*Gen.* i. 29, etc.). *The who* is never found; perhaps, as Abbott suggests, because *which* is considered an adjective and indefinite, while *who* is not. So in French we have *lequel*, but not *le qui*. See Gr. 270.

6. *May you stead me?* Can you assist me? *May* originally expressed *ability*, as the noun *might* still does. *Can*, on the other hand, signified "to know or have skill." We have both words in their old sense in Chaucer's line (*C. T.* 2314), "Now helpe me, lady, sith ye may and can." This archaic *can* is found in *Ham.* iv. 7. 85: "they can well on horseback," that is, are well skilled in riding. On *stead*, cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 17: "Can you so stead me As bring me to the sight of Isabella?" and *A. W.* v. 3. 87: "to reave her Of what should stead her most."

Pleasure me. So in *M. W.* i. 1. 251: "What I do is to pleasure you, coz." See also *Much Ado*, v. 1. 129 and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 22. Cf. Gr. 290.

11. A *good man*. That is, "good" in the commercial sense—"having pecuniary ability; of unimpaired credit" (Wb.).

13. *Ho, no*, etc. The reading of all the early eds.

15. *In supposition.* Doubtful, risked at sea.

16. *Tripolis.* The old name of *Tripoli*, a seaport of Syria, formerly of great commercial importance.

17. *Rialto.* The chief of the islands on which Venice is built was called *Isola di Rialto* (*rivo alto*), the Island of the Deep Stream. The name *Rialto* came also to be applied to the Exchange, which was on that island. It is the Exchange which is here meant—"a most stately building . . . where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoon" (Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611). The bridge known as the *Rialto* (Ponte di Rialto) was begun in 1588 and finished in 1591.

18. *Squandered.* Scattered. So in Howell's *Letters*, 1650, we have "islands that lie squandered in the vast ocean." Even Dryden (*Annus Mirab.*) has "They drive, they squander the huge Belgian fleet." S. uses the word only here and in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 57: "squandering glances."

19. *There be land-rats.* In old English, besides the present tense *am*, etc., there was also this form *be*, from the Anglo-Saxon *beon*. The 2d pers. sing. was *beest*. The 1st and 3d pers. plu. *be* is often found in S. and the Bible. Cf. Gr. 300.

27. *If it please you.* This impersonal form (cf. the French *s'il vous plait*), after being contracted into *if you please*, has come to be considered as personal, and we now say *if I please, if he pleases*, etc. The verb thus gets a new meaning, *to please* becoming =*to be pleased.*

30. *And so following.* And so forth. S. uses the phrase nowhere else.

36. *For he is a Christian.* We should now say, *for being* a Christian. When thus used, *for* is often followed by *that*, as in the next line. Of course we could now say, "I hate him, for he is a Christian," but the meaning would be different. In this case, as in the other, the *for* is equivalent to *because*, but it connects more loosely, as the comma indicates. The difference in meaning is perhaps better illustrated by a case like the following (*M. for M.* ii. 1. 27):

> "You may not so extenuate his offence
> For I have had such faults;"

that is, the fact that I have been guilty is no excuse for him. The modern reading would make nonsense of it.

39. *Usance.* Interest. Thomas, in his *Historye of Italye*, 1561, says: "It is almoste incredyble what gaine the Venetians receiue by the vsury of the Jewes, both pryuately and in common. For in euerye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of vsurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv. in the hundred by the yere: and if at the yeres ende, the gaige be not redemed, it is forfeite, or at the least dooen away to a great disaduantage: by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parties."

40. *Upon the hip.* To "catch upon the hip" was a phrase used by wrestlers. Some make it refer to hunting, "because, when the animal pursued is seized upon the hip, it is finally disabled from flight." Cf. iv. 1. 330 below, and *Oth.* ii. 1. 314.

45. *Which he calls interest. Usance, usury*, and *interest* were equivalent

terms in S.'s day. It was disreputable to take interest at all. It was considered "against nature for money to beget money." See Bacon's Essay on *Usurie.*

47. *Debating of my present store. Of* is often used by the Elizabethan writers in the sense of *about* or *concerning.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 81: "You make me study of that," etc. See Gr. 174.

53. *Rest you fair.* "Heaven grant you fair fortune!" Cf. "Rest you merry!" (*R. and J.* i. 2. 65) "God rest you merry!" (*A. Y. L.* v. 1. 165), etc.

56. *Excess.* More than the sum lent or borrowed; interest.

57. *Ripe wants.* Wants that admit of no delay, like ripe fruit that must be gathered at once.

58. *Possess'd.* Informed. Cf. iv. 1. 35 below: "I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;" *Cor.* ii. 1. 145: "Is the senate possessed of this?" etc.

59. *How much you would.* The folio misprints "*he* would." *Would* is often used absolutely, as here, for *wish* or *require.*

63. *Methought.* This *thought* is from the A. S. verb *thincan,* to seem, and not from *thencan,* to think. It is used impersonally, the *me* being a dative. *Methought*=it seemed to me. In Chaucer we find *him thoughte, hem* (them) *thoughte, hir* (her) *thoughte,* etc.

65. *When Jacob,* etc. See *Gen.* xxvii. and xxx.

72. *Were compromis'd.* Had mutually agreed.

73. *Eanlings.* Lambs just brought forth; from A. S. *eanian,* to bring forth. *Yeanling* is another form of the same word, and was substituted by Pope here.

Pied. Spotted. We have "daisies pied" in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 904 (and in Milton's *L'Allegro*); and in *Temp.* iii. 2. 71 Caliban calls Trinculo a "pied ninny," from the parti-coloured coat which he wore as a jester.

75. *Pil'd me.* Peeled. Cf. the Bible narrative (*Gen.* xxx. 37, 38). The *me* is expletive, as often. See the dialogue between Petruchio and Grumio in *T. of S.* i. 2. 8 fol. Gr. 220.

78. *Fall.* Let fall, bring forth. Gr. 291.

84. *Was this inserted,* etc. Was this inserted in Scripture to justify usury?

88. *The devil can cite Scripture.* See *Matt.* iv. 4, 6.

89. *Producing holy witness.* Adducing sacred authority.

95. *Beholding.* Often used by S., Bacon, and other writers of the time, instead of *beholden,* which, as Craik has shown, is probably a corrupted form of *gehealden,* the perfect participle of A. S. *healdan,* to hold, whence its meaning of *held, bound, obliged.*

96. *Many a time and oft.* An old phrase, still familiar, =many and many a time, that is, many times, and yet again many more times.

101. *Misbeliever.* Strictly, one who believes *wrongly,* as *unbeliever* is one who does *not* believe, or an infidel. S. uses the word only here.

102. *Spet.* An obsolete spelling of *spit,* used occasionally by S., as it is by Milton in the one instance (*Comus,* 132) in which he employs the word.

Gaberdine. A long coarse frock. See *Temp.* ii. 2. 40, 115. The garment and the name are still used by the peasantry in some parts of England.

105. *Go to.* A phrase of exhortation or encouragement, sometimes used scornfully. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 297, *M. W.* i. 4. 165, etc.; also *Gen.* xi. 4, etc.

124. *A breed of barren metal.* The quartos have "a breed for." *Breed* is money *bred* from the principal. Shylock had used the same metaphor for interest.

126. *Who if he break.* The "relative with a supplementary pronoun" (Gr. 248, 249) often occurs in the writers of the time. Cf. *V. and A.* 935:

> "*Who*, when *he* liv'd, *his* breath and beauty set
> Gloss on the rose, smell on the violet."

"If he *break*," that is, "break his day," a current expression =fail to fulfil his engagement. Shylock uses the phrase below.

128. *I would be friends with you.* A "grammatical impropriety," but even now a familiar idiom.

130. *Doit.* A small Dutch coin, worth about a quarter of a cent. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 217: "Which will not cost a man a doit;" and *Cor.* v. 4. 60: "I 'd not have given a doit."

135. *Your single bond.* Your individual bond, without sureties.

In a merry sport. In the old ballad of *Gernutus*, the Jew says:

> "But we will haue a merry iest,
> for to be talked long:
> You shall make me a Band (quoth he)
> that shall be large and strong.
>
> And this shall be the forfeyture,
> of your own Flesh a pound:
> If you agree, make you the Band,
> and here is a hundred Crownes."

138. *Let the forfeit*, etc. Let the forfeit named as an equivalent be a pound of your flesh.

141. *Pleaseth me.* That is, "*it* pleaseth me" (the folio reading). See on 27 above. In *C. of E.* iv. 1. 12 we have, "Pleaseth you walk with me," etc.; and in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 104, "Warwick . . . shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best."

145. *Dwell.* Continue, remain.

151. *Dealings teaches them suspect.* There were three forms of the plural in early English—the Northern in *es*, the Middle in *en*, the Southern in *eth*. The first two are found in Elizabethan authors. Sometimes they are used for the sake of the rhyme; sometimes for reasons that are not evident. *Teaches*, according to Abbott (Gr. 333), is one of these old plurals. On the omission of the *to* of the infinitive, see Gr. 349.

153. *Break his day.* See on 127 above, and cf. Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, ii. 2:

> "If you do break your day, assure yourself
> That I will take the forfeit of your bond."

157. *Muttons, beefs.* These Norman-French words are here used in their original sense. The plural *beeves* is still used for the living animals, and the singular form *beeve* is occasionally met with. Wb. quotes an instance from Irving.

159. *If he will take it, so.* That is, *so be it*, or something of the kind. *So* was often thus used as a particle of assent or affirmation. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 144: "If your father will do me any honour, so," etc.

165. *Fearful guard Of an unthrifty knave. Fearful*=to be feared or *distrusted;* untrustworthy. *Knave,* which meant originally only a boy, and now means only a rogue, was in current use in S.'s time with either signification.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The stage-direction in the first folio is: "*Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.*"

1. *Mislike.* S. generally uses *dislike,* but *mislike* in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 140 and *A. and C.* iii. 13. 147; also once as a noun, in 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 24.

Complexion. A quadrisyllable. See on i. 1. 8 above. Gr. 479.

6. *Let us make incision,* etc. Red blood was a traditionary sign of courage. Macbeth (v. 3. 15) calls one of his frightened soldiers a "lily-livered boy," and Falstaff (2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 113) speaks of the "liver white and pale" as a badge of cowardice. Below (iii. 2. 86) Bassanio talks of cowards who "have livers white as milk."

7. *Reddest.* The use of the superlative in a comparison of two objects, though condemned by most of the modern grammars, is good old English.

8. *Aspect . . . feared.* On the accent of *aspect,* see on i. 1. 54 above. *Fear'd*=*caused* to fear, terrified. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 2: "For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all." In *T. of S.* i. 2. 211 we have both senses of *fear* in close connection: "*Petruchio.* Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. *Grumio.* For he fears none."

10. *Best-regarded.* "Of highest rank and estimation" (Schmidt).

12. *To steal your thoughts.* As a thief disguised.

14. *Nice direction.* Fastidious estimation. Cf. "nice and coy," *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 82, etc.

17. *Scanted.* Limited, restricted. Cf. iii. 2. 112 below: "Scant this excess;" and v. 1. 141: "Scant this breathing courtesy."

18. *Wit.* In its original sense of *foresight, wisdom* (A. S. *wit,* mind), as in the familiar expressions, "at his wit's end," "lost his wits," etc. S. uses the word also in its present sense.

20. *Yourself.* The pronouns *myself, thyself,* etc., were often used in S.'s time (as they still are in poetry) as the subject of a verb. See Gr. 20. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 75: "Myself am hell," etc.

Stood as fair. Would have stood. In *fair* there is an allusion to the Moor's complexion.

25. *The Sophy.* The *Sufi,* or Shah of Persia. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 197 and iii. 4. 307. Bacon (*Essay* 43) speaks of "*Ismael,* the *Sophy* of *Persia.*"

26. *Sultan Solyman.* The most famous sultan of this name was Soliman the Magnificent, who reigned from 1520 to 1566.

27. *O'er-stare.* This is the reading of the folios and H.'s quarto. R.'s quarto has "outstare."

31. *Alas the while!* This expression, like *Woe the while!* (*J. C.* i. 3. 82), seems originally to have meant, "Alas for the present state of things!" but it came to be used as indefinitely as the simple *alas!*

32. *Hercules and Lichas.* Lichas was the servant who brought to Hercules the poisoned tunic from Dejanira, according to Ovid (*Met.* ix. 155).

Play at dice Which is, etc. That is, in order to decide which is, etc. As Abbott (Gr. 382) has said, "The Elizabethan writers objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context."

35. *Alcides beaten by his page.* Alcides, according to Diodorus, was the original name of Hercules, given him on account of his descent from Alcæus, the son of Perseus. The early eds. all have "rage" instead of *page;* corrected by Theobald.

43. *Nor will not.* See on i. 2. 23 above.

44. *The temple.* The church, where the oath was to be taken.

46. *Blest or cursed'st.* It is possible that *blest* is to be regarded as an instance of the ellipsis of the superlative ending, not unusual at that time. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest citizens." So Heywood: "Only the grave and wisest of the land;" and Ben Jonson: "The soft and sweetest music." In iii. 2. 288 we have "The best conditioned and unwearied spirit," where the ellipsis is in the second adjective.

SCENE II.—The stage-direction in the early eds. is "*Enter the clowne alone.*"

8. *Scorn running with thy heels.* The play upon words is obvious, though it sorely troubled Steevens, who even proposed as an emendation "Scorn running; *withe* (i. e. hamper with a *withe*, or osier band) thy heels." Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 51: "I scorn that with my heels."

9. *Via!* Away! (Italian). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 159, *L. L. L.* v. 1. 156, etc. Here the early eds. have "fia;" corrected by Rowe.

10. *For the heavens!* Mason proposed to change *heavens* to *haven*, because "it is not likely that S. would make the *Devil* conjure Launcelot to do anything for *Heaven's sake;*" but, of course, as Boswell has suggested, the wit of the expression consists in that very incongruity.

14. *Well, my conscience says*, etc. The 1st folio reads thus: "wel, my conscience saies *Lancelet* bouge not, bouge saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the *Iew* my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell;" etc.

18. *God bless* (or *save*) *the mark!* The origin and the meaning of this expression are alike obscure. It appears to be used most frequently "as a parenthetic apology for some profane or vulgar word."

21. *Incarnation.* For *incarnate*, of course. R.'s quarto has *incarnal.*

29. *Sand-blind.* Dim of sight; as if there were sand in the eye, or perhaps floating before it. It means something more than *purblind*, for Latimer (*Sermons*) says, "The Saintis be purre-blinde and sand-blinde." *High-gravel-blind* is Launcelot's own exaggeration of the word.

30. *Confusions.* The reading of H.'s quarto and the folios. R.'s quarto has *conclusions*, which K. adopts; but, as Wr. suggests, "Launcelot would not have given a hard word so correctly."

34. *Marry.* A corruption of *Mary.* It was originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin, but its origin had come to be forgotten in S.'s day.

37. *God's sonties.* Corrupted from *God's saints*, or *sanctities*, or *santé* (health)—it is impossible to decide which.

46. *What a' will. A'* for *he* is common in the old dramatists, in the mouths of peasants and illiterate people.

50. *Talk you of young Master Launcelot?* The early eds. make this imperative, and not interrogative, and are followed by K. and W.; but D. and the Camb. editors are probably right in regarding the sentence as a repetition of the preceding interrogation (40).

53. *Father.* Launcelot twice calls Gobbo *father*, but the old man does not even suspect with whom he is talking, since, as W. remarks, the peasantry used to call all old people father or mother.

54. *The sisters three.* The Fates of classic fable.

76. *Your child that shall be.* Here again some of the sand-blind critics have been mystified by Launcelot's incongruous talk. Malone says, "Launcelot *probably* here indulges himself in talking nonsense," but he is not quite sure about it; and Steevens suggests that he "*may* mean that he shall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child by his dutiful behaviour," etc.

82. *Lord worshipped.* Perhaps, as some explain it =a lord worshipful, referring to the beard and the claim to the title of *Master*. According to stage tradition, Launcelot kneels with his back to the old man, who, "being sand-blind," mistakes the hair on his head for a beard (St.).

84. *Fill-horse. Fill* for *thill*, or *shaft*, is a familiar word in New England, but in old England it is not known except as a provincialism in the Midland counties. We have "i' the fills" in *T. and C.* iii. 2. 48.

91. *Gree.* The spelling of all the early eds. Cf. Wb.

92. *I have set up my rest.* That is, I have determined. "A metaphor taken from play, where the highest stake the parties were disposed to venture was called the *rest*." Nares restricts the term to the old game of *primero*, but Gifford (endorsed by Dyce) says that it is incorrect to do so. The expression occurs also in *A. W.* ii. 1. 138, *C. of E.* iv. 3. 27, *R. and J.* iv. 5. 6, etc.

97. *Give me your present.* See on i. 3. 75 above.

99. *As far as God has any ground.* A characteristic speech in the mouth of a Venetian. The lower orders in Venice regard the mainland with an admiration which can hardly be understood by those who have been able, all their days, to walk where they would (K.).

108. *Gramercy.* A corruption of the French *grand merci*, "great thanks."

117. *Cater-cousins.* Commonly explained as =*quatre-cousins*, that is, "fourth cousins," but this is doubtful. The meaning evidently is, that they do not seem much akin, or do not agree very well.

121. *A dish of doves.* Mr. C. A. Brown infers, from this and other passages in his plays, that S. must have visited Italy. "Where," he asks, "did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? Where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy." It is possible, however, that the poet gained this knowledge of the country from other travellers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow-actor, visited Italy.

131. *Preferr'd thee.* To *prefer* often meant to "recommend for promotion," and sometimes to "promote." Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 3. 51, iv. 2. 386, 400, etc.

134. *The old proverb.* It is said that there is a Scotch proverb, "The grace of God is gear enough."

140. *Guarded.* Trimmed, ornamented. The broidered edging *guarded* (protected) the cloth from wear. See *Hen. VIII.* prol. 16 and *Much Ado*, i. 1. 288. Cf. "guards on wanton Cupid's hose," *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 58.

141. *In.* Go in; as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 37, etc.

142. *Well, if any man,* etc. This is Johnson's punctuation, which W. also follows. The construction is, "Well, if any man in Italy which doth offer to swear upon a book have a fairer table"—the expression being like "any man that breathes," etc. After having thus admired his table, he breaks off to predict his good fortune. As Johnson remarks, "the act of expanding his hand" reminds him of laying it on the book in taking an oath.

In chiromancy, or palmistry (fortune-telling by the lines on the palm of the hand), the *table line*, or *line of fortune*, is the one running from the fore-finger below the other fingers to the side of the hand. The *natural line* is the one running through the middle of the palm. The *line of life* is the one which encircles the ball of the thumb. The space between the two first is called *mensa*, or the *table*.

145. *Aleven.* A vulgarism for *eleven*.

149. *For this gear.* See on i. 1. 110 above.

151. *Of an eye.* The words are found only in R.'s quarto.

153. *Bestow'd.* Put away, disposed of. Cf. 2 *Kings*, v. 24, *Luke*, xii. 17, 18, etc. See also *C. of E.* i. 2. 78, *J. C.* i. 3. 151, etc.

163. *Hear thee.* In this, as in some other expressions ("fare thee well," etc.), *thee* appears to be used for *thou*, and not reflexively. Cf. Gr. 212.

168. *Liberal.* Free, reckless; but not in so bad a sense as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 93 ("a liberal villain"), where it means licentious. Cf. "liberal shepherds," *Ham.* iv. 7. 171.

Take pain. We now use only the plural, "take pains." S. uses both. See below, v. 1. 180.

170. *Thy skipping spirit.* Thy frolicsome humour. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 123: "Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle cool patience." *Spirit*, as often, is a monosyllable = *sprite*. Gr. 463.

171. *Misconstrued.* The 1st folio has *misconsterd* here, but *misconstrued* in *J. C.* v. 3. 84.

176. *While grace is saying.* See Marsh, *Lect. on Eng. Lang.* (First Series), pp. 649–658. In S.'s day the construction *in saying* or *a-saying* was going out of use, and the verbal noun in *-ing* was beginning to be regularly used in a passive sense. The construction, *is being said*, etc., as Marsh remarks, "is an awkward neologism, which . . . ought to be discountenanced as an attempt at the artificial improvement of the language at a point where it needed no amendment." The "ignorance of grammarians" has been "a frequent cause of the corruption of language."

Hood mine eyes. Hats were worn at meals, and especially on ceremonial occasions—a custom probably derived from the days of chivalry. Even now, at the installation banquet of the Knights of the Garter, all the Knights Companions wear their hats and plumes (St.).

179. *Studied in a sad ostent.* Trained to put on a sober aspect. Below (ii. 8. 44) we have "fair ostents (manifestations, tokens) of love;" and in *Hen. V.* v. chor. 21, "full trophy, signal, and ostent" (display).

188. *I must to Lorenzo.* This ellipsis of the verb was common, especially after *will;* as "I 'll to him," *R. and J.* iii. 2. 141, etc. Gr. 405.

SCENE III.—9. *In talk.* The quarto reading; the folios omit *in.*

10. *Exhibit.* For *inhibit* (restrain).

14. *What heinous sin.* Possibly this is one of the instances in which *what* is used for *what a.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 42: "What night is this!" See other examples in Gr. 86 (cf. 256).

SCENE IV.—5. *We have not spoke us yet of.* We have not yet bespoken. The reading of the 4th folio (adopted by Pope) is "as yet."

6. *Quaintly.* Tastefully, gracefully. *Quaint* (from Latin *comptus*, or, according to some, *cognitus*—or from both, as Wb. makes it), in the old writers, means *elegant*, and hence *artful*, *ingenious.* In Johnson's day it had come to mean *affected*, and now it has "the united sense of *antique* and *odd.*" Cf. "quaint lies" below, iii. 4. 69; "fine, quaint, graceful," *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 22; "more quaint, more pleasing," *T. of S.* iv. 3. 102; "quaintly writ," *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 128; "quaintly made," *Id.* iii. 1. 117, etc.

7. *Not undertook.* We have "underta'en" in *W. T.* iii. 2. 79, and "to be undertook" in *Oth.* v. 2. 311. S. often uses two or more forms of the participle. Thus in *J. C.* we have *stricken*, *struck*, and *strucken* (*stroken* in folio, but *strucken* in *C. of E.* i. 2. 45, etc.). So we find *mistook* and *mistaken*, etc. We must bear in mind that the Elizabethan age was a transitional period in the history of the language. See Gr. 343, 344.

10. *Break up.* Break open; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 132. *Break up* was a term in carving; and in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 56 we have "break up this capon," where the "capon" is a letter. See our ed. p. 143.

13. *Writ.* S. uses both *writ* and *wrote* for the past tense, and *writ*, *written*, and *wrote* for the participle.

23. *Provided of.* *Of* is often used of the agent (where we use *by*), and of the instrument (for *with*), as here. Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 13: "supplied of kernes," etc. Gr. 171. A small number of prepositions serve to express an immense number of relations, and their use in different periods of the language is very variable.

29. *Needs.* Of necessity; a genitive used adverbially. Cf. Gr. 25.

Directed . . . What gold, etc. The ellipsis here is very like what is called a *zeugma.*

35. *Dare.* Either the "subjunctive used imperatively" (Gr. 364), or the 3d pers. of the imperative.

37. *Faithless.* Unbelieving; as in *Matt.* xvii. 17.

SCENE V.—2. *Difference of.* Cf. *Lear*, iv. 2. 26: "O, the difference of man and man!"

3. *What, Jessica!* A customary exclamation of impatience, in calling to persons (cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 33, *M. W.* i. 4. 1, 40, etc.); like *when* (*Temp.* i. 2. 316, *J. C.* ii. 1. 5, etc.). See Gr. 73*a*.

11. *Bid forth.* Invited out. Cf. "find forth," i. 1. 143 above, and "feasting forth," 36 below. S. uses *bidden* only in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 32. He uses both *bade* and *bid* for the past tense. See on 7 above.

17. *Towards my rest.* Against my peace of mind.

18. *To-night.* That is, last night; as in *J. C.* iii. 3. 1: "I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Cæsar." Usually in S. it has its modern meaning.

21. *So do I his.* Shylock plays upon Launcelot's blunder of *reproach* for *approach*.

24 *Black-Monday.* Easter-Monday; so called, as the old chronicler Stowe tells us, because "in the 34th of Edward III. (1360), the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward with his host lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold."

29. *The wry-neck'd fife.* It is doubtful whether *wry-necked* refers to the fife or the fifer. Boswell quotes from Barnaby Rich (1618): "A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument." On the other hand, the old English fife (like one used in classical times) had a bent mouth-piece. It was called the *flute à bec*, as the mouth-piece resembled the beak of a bird. For *squealing* R.'s quarto has "squeaking."

35. *Jacob's staff.* See *Gen.* xxxii. 10 and *Heb.* xi. 21. In Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 6. 35, "Iacobs staffe" more probably refers to St. James (Jacobus), who is usually represented with a pilgrim's hat and staff.

36. *Of feasting forth. Of=for*, as often. See Gr. 174; and for *forth*, Gr. 41.

42. *Jewess' eye.* It is "Jewes" in the quartos and 1st and 2d folios, "Jew's" in the later folios. Pope suggested *Jewess'*, which has been generally adopted. W. says that *Jewess* is not so old as the time of S., but Wr. states that it occurs in the Bible of 1611 (*Acts*, xvi. 1), and even as early as Wiclif's version. Launcelot's phrase, as D. remarks, is "a slight alteration, for the nonce, of the proverbial expression, *Worth a Jew's eye.*" The Jews were often threatened with the loss of an eye, or some other mutilation, in order to extort treasure from them.

45. *Patch.* A name given to the professional jester (probably from his patched or parti-coloured coat), and afterwards used as a term of contempt. Some derive the word from the Italian *pazzo* (foolish, insane).

51. *Perhaps I will return.* Abbott (Gr. 319), who denies that S. ever uses *will* for *shall*, thinks this (and *Perchance I will*) may be "a regular idiom." It may be that the *will=shall* (as Wr. makes it), but it is quite as likely that the shade of meaning is such as would now be expressed by *will*—"Perhaps I may decide to return," or something of the sort. "I *shall* return" would be future *pure and simple*; "I *will* return" *adds* the idea that the possible future act depends upon the speaker's *will*.

SCENE VI.—5. *Venus' pigeons.* The chariot of Venus was drawn by doves. In *Temp.* iv. 1. 94 she is described as "dove-drawn," and her "doves" are also referred to in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 171, *V. and A.* 1190, etc.

7. *Obliged.* Pledged, plighted.

9. *Sits down.* That is, sits down *with*. So in the next sentence, "pace them (with)." This ellipsis of a preposition which has already been expressed *before* the relative is quite common in S. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 331: "To whom it must be done" (to); *M. for M.* ii. 2. 119: "Most ignorant of what he 's most assured" (of); and below (iv. 1. 380): "A gift of all (of which) he dies possess'd." See also on i. 1. 125 above.

10. *Untread again.* Retrace.

14. *Younger.* The reading of all the early eds. Rowe changed it to *younker*, which S. uses in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 92 and 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 24.

15. *Scarfed.* Decked with flags and streamers. In *A. W.* ii. 3. 214 "scarfs" are associated with "bannerets" in the comparison of a person to a "vessel."

17. *How like the prodigal doth she return.* The reading of the quartos, which makes the reference to the parable more direct than the folio "a prodigal."

18. *Over-weather'd.* Weather-beaten. This is the reading of both quartos. The folios have "over-wither'd."

30. *Who love I*, etc. The inflection of *who* is often neglected. See examples in *Macb.* iii. 1. 123, iv. 3. 173, *Cor.* ii. 1. 8, etc. Directly after a preposition, *whom* is usually found. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 2: "Consider *who* the king your father sends, To *whom* he sends." But in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 75 and *Oth.* i. 2. 52 we have the interrogative *who* even after a preposition: "To *who?*" See Gr. 274.

35. *Exchange.* That is, of apparel.

42. *Too-too light.* Halliwell has urged that "too too" used to be a compound epithet, and should be printed with a hyphen; but, as W. remarks, it seems clear that in some cases (as in *Ham.* i. 2. 129: "this too, too solid flesh") it was an emphatic repetition, just as it is now.

43. *An office of discovery*, etc. The office of a torch-bearer is to show what is in the way, but I ought to keep in the shade.

47. *Close.* Secret, stealthy. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 183.

50. *More.* The quartos have "mo." See on i. 1. 108 above.

51. *By my hood.* This has been explained as swearing by the *hood* of his masque-dress; but it is possible that W. is right in understanding "my hood" here and elsewhere to be "myself," that is, "my estate"—manhood, knighthood, or whatever may be appropriate to the speaker.

Gentile. H.'s quarto and the 1st folio have "gentle." There is evidently a play upon the two words.

52. *Beshrew me.* A very mild imprecation, often used playfully and even tenderly. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 152.

54. *If that.* This use of *that* as "a conjunctional affix" (Gr. 287) was common. Thus we have "when that" (*J. C.* iii. 2. 96), "why that" (*Hen. V.* v. 2. 34), "while that" (*Id.* v. 2. 46), "though that" (*Cor.* i. 1. 144), "since that" (*Macb.* iv. 3. 106), etc., etc. The fuller forms, "If so were that" (Chaucer), "If so be that," etc., suggest that all these expressions may be similar ellipses, as Abbott explains them.

67. *Glad on 't.* S. often uses *on* where we should use *of*. Cf. "jealous on me," *J. C.* i. 2. 71, and see Gr. 180, 181, 182. In *Temp.* i. 2 *on 't=of it* occurs three times. See also 1 *Sam.* xxvii. 11.

SCENE VII.—4. *Of gold, who.* In the Elizabethan age, *which* was not yet established as the neuter relative. It was often applied to persons (as in the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father *which* art in heaven") and *who* to things. In the next line but one, we have "silver, *which*." See Gr. 264, 265.

5. *What many men desire.* The folios omit *many*.

26. *If thou be'st rated.* This *beest* must not be confounded with the subjunctive *be*. It is the A. S. *bist*, 2d pers. sing. pres. indicative of *beón*, to be. See on i. 3. 19 above.

29. *Afeard.* S. uses *afeard* and *afraid* interchangeably.

30. *Disabling.* Disparaging. *Disable* is used in the same sense in *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 34, v. 4. 80, and 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 67.

41. *Hyrcanian.* Hyrcania was an extensive tract of country southeast of the Caspian. S. three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania: 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 155, *Macb.* iii. 4. 101, and *Ham.* ii. 2. 472. Cf. Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 367.

Vasty. Waste, desolate, like the Latin *vastus*. S. uses *vast* several times as a noun =*waste*. See *W. T.* i. 1. 33, *Per.* iii. 1. 1, etc.

42. *Throughfares. Thorough* and *through* are the same word, and S. uses either, as suits the measure. So with *throughly* and *thoroughly*. We find *throughfare* again in *Cymb.* i. 2. 11 (see our ed. p. 168).

43. *Come view.* See Gr. 349.

49. *Like.* Likely; as very often.

51. *Too gross*, etc. Too coarse a material to enclose her shroud. *Cere-cloth=cerement* (*Ham.* i. 4. 48), cloth smeared with melted wax (Lat. *cera*) or gums, for embalming the dead. *Obscure* has the accent on the first syllable, because followed by an accented syllable. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 154: A little, little grave, an obscure grave;" *Ham.* iv. 5. 213: "His means of death, his obscure funeral;" etc. See also on ii. 9. 60 below.

53. *Undervalued*, etc. See on i. 1. 165 above. During the Middle Ages, and down to the 16th century, the value of silver was $\frac{1}{12}$ and $\frac{1}{11}$, and even, as here stated, $\frac{1}{10}$ that of gold. In the latter part of the 17th century it fell to as low as $\frac{1}{16}$. In the 18th it rose to $\frac{1}{14}$, and is now about $\frac{1}{15}$.

57. *Insculp'd upon.* Graven on the outside. The *angel* was worth about ten shillings. It had on one side a figure of Michael piercing the dragon. The use of the device is said to have originated in Pope Gregory's pun

GOLDEN ANGEL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

of *Angli* and *Angeli*. Verstegan, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, says: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonick tongues, to wit, the high and low Dutch, &c., as much to say as Angel, and if a Dutch-man be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man*, *Engel* being in their tongue an Angel, and English, which they write *Engelsche*, Angel-like. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel." The figure shows the angel of Elizabeth.

63. *A carrion death.* That is, a skull.

65. *Glisters.* *Glisten* does not occur in S. nor in Milton. In both we find *glister* several times. See *W. T.* iii. 2. 171, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 178, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 117, etc.; *Lycidas*, 79, *Comus*, 219, *P. L.* iii. 550, iv. 645, 653, etc.

69. *Tombs.* Johnson's emendation for the "timber" of the early eds.

77. *Part.* Depart. See *Cor.* v. 6. 73: "When I parted hence," etc. *Depart* was also used where we should say *part;* as in the Marriage Service "till death us do part" is a corruption of "till death us depart."

SCENE VIII.—12. *A passion.* Passionate outcry. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 181: "Your passion draws ears hither." See also the verb in *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 172, *V. and A.* 1059, etc.

27. *Reason'd.* Talked, conversed; as in *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 39, etc. K. quotes B. and F.: "There is no end of women's reasoning."

28. *The narrow seas.* The English Channel—a name not unfrequently applied to it in that day. It occurs again iii. 1. 3 below.

30. *Fraught.* We now use *fraught* (=*freighted*) only in a figurative sense. *Fraught* is used as a noun in *T. N.* v. 1. 64 and *Oth.* iii. 3. 449. *Freight* does not occur in S. or Milton. In *Temp.* i. 2. 13, where many modern editions have "freighting souls," the folio has "fraughting."

39. *Slubber.* To do carelessly or imperfectly. It also means to obscure, or soil; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 227: "slubber the gloss of your new fortunes."

40. *Riping.* Ripeness, maturity.

42. *Mind of love.* That is, loving mind. Cf. "mind of honour," *M. for M.* ii. 4. 179 (W.).

44. *Ostents.* Manifestations, displays. See on ii. 2. 179 above.

45. *Conveniently.* In its original sense, fitly, suitably. Cf. *Prov.* xxx. 8, *Rom.* i. 28, *Eph.* v. 4. So in the one instance in which Milton uses the word, *S. A.* 1471: "some convenient ransom."

47. *Turning his face*, etc. As Malone suggests, we have here "the outline of a beautiful picture."

48. *Sensible.* Sensitive. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 337: "Love's feeling is more soft and sensible Than are the tender horns of cockled snails."

52. *Quicken his embraced heaviness.* Enliven the melancholy he indulges. Cf. iii. 2. 109 below: "rash-embrac'd despair."

53. *Do we so.* 1st pers. imperative; a form not uncommon in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 8. 127: "Do we all holy rites!" See also v. 1. 36 below.

SCENE IX.—18. *Address'd me.* Prepared myself. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 103, etc. *Fortune now*, etc. Success now to the hope of my heart!

25. *By the fool multitude.* For *by*, see on i. 2. 46; and for the adjective *fool*, on i. 1. 102 above.

26. *Fond.* Foolish; as usually in S. Cf. Milton, *S. A.* 812: "fond and reasonless;" etc. Cf. iii. 3. 9 below.

27. *The martlet.* The house-martin. Cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 4: "the temple-haunting martlet." See our ed. p. 174.

28. *In the weather.* Exposed to the weather. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 109: "Pour down thy weather," and *Cymb.* iii. 3. 64: "left me bare to weather."

31. *Jump with.* Agree with. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 11: "outward show, which . . . seldom or never jumpeth with the heart." *Jump* also means to risk, hazard, as in *Macb.* i. 7. 7: "jump the life to come." See also *Cor.* iii. 1. 154. *Jump* is found as an adjective (=matched, or suitable), as "jump names" (B. J.); also as an adverb (=just, exactly), as in *Ham.* i. 1. 65: "jump at this dead hour" (see our ed. p. 172).

40. *Estates.* Ranks. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 244: "'t was of some estate" (that is, high rank).

43. *Should cover*, etc. Should wear their hats, that now take them off, as to superiors.

45. *Peasantry.* The folios have "pleasantry."

47. *Ruin.* Refuse, rubbish.

60. *To offend*, etc. That is, an offender cannot be the judge of his own case. For the accent of *distinct*, see on ii. 7. 51 above.

62. *Fire.* As often, a dissyllable. In *T. C.* iii. 1. 171 we have it both as a monosyllable and as a dissyllable: "As fire drives out fire, so pity pity." *Hours* is a dissyllable four times in as many lines in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 31–34, and a monosyllable four lines below. Gr. 480. Cf. iii. 2. 20 below.

67. *I wis.* This, as Craik has shown, is a corruption of the adverbial *ywis* (certainly), but S. no doubt regarded it as a pronoun and verb.

71. *You are sped.* Your fate is settled. Cf. "you two are sped," *T. of S.* v. 2. 185, and "I am sped," *R. and J.* iii. 1. 94. See also *Lycidas*, 122: "What need they? They are sped."

77. *Wroth.* The old eds. have "wroath." Schmidt makes it =*ruth* (sorrow); but some take it to be another form of *wrath*, used in the sense of "torturing anger."

84. *My lord.* Probably used jestingly in response to the *my lady*. So in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 317 the prince says, "How now, my lady the hostess?" in reply to her "My lord the Prince!" In *Rich. II.* v. 5. 67, also, a groom addresses the king, "Hail, royal prince!" and Richard replies, "Thanks, noble peer!" See our ed. p. 219.

88. *Sensible regreets.* Tangible greetings, substantial salutations. *Regreet* strictly means a responsive greeting. The noun occurs again in *K. John*, iii. 1. 241. For the verb, see *Rich. II.* p. 162.

89. *Commends.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 1. 38: "I send to her my kind commends;" and *Id.* iii. 3. 126: "Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends." See also *Per.* ii. 2. 49.

90. *Yet I have not.* I have not yet. *Yet*=up to this time, is now used only *after* a negative, but in the Elizabethan age it was often used, as here, *before* a negative. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 96: "For yet his honour never heard a play;" and this from Ascham's *Scholemaster:* "There be

that kepe them out of fier and yet was never burned"—which would be nonsense nowadays. Gr. 76.

91. *Likely.* In the Yankee sense of *promising.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 186: "a likely fellow!" and *Id.* iii. 2. 273: "your likeliest men."

97. *High-day wit.* "Holiday terms," as Hotspur expresses it (1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 46). Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 69: "he speaks holiday."

99. *Cupid's post.* So below (v. 1. 46) we have "there 's a post come from my master." For the adverbial *mannerly*, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 92, etc.

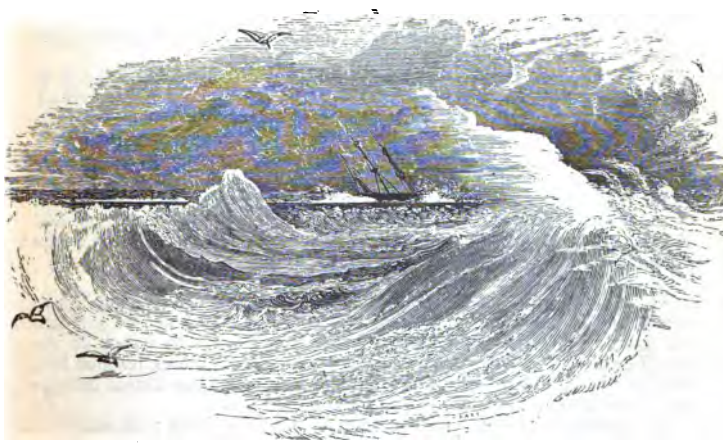
100. *Bassanio, lord Love.* May it be Bassanio, O Cupid!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *It lives there unchecked.* The report prevails there uncontradicted.

3. *Wracked.* The only spelling in the early eds. See *Rich. II.* p. 177.

The Goodwins. The Goodwin Sands, off the eastern coast of Kent. According to tradition, they were once an island belonging to Earl Godwin, which was swallowed up by the sea about A.D. 1100.



THE GOODWIN SANDS, DURING A STORM.

9. *Knapped.* Snapped, broke up. The word occurs in *Ps.* xlvi. 9 (Prayer-Book version): "He knappeth the spear in sunder." Ginger was a favourite condiment with old people.

24. *The wings*, etc. The boy's clothes she wore when she eloped.

33. *Match.* Bargain, compact. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 30: "'t is our match," etc.

35. *Smug.* Spruce, trim. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 202: "a smug bridegroom."

43. *Half a million.* That is, ducats.

57. *It shall go hard*, etc. I will spare no effort to outdo you in what you teach me.

63. *Matched.* That is, matched with them, found to match them.

74. *Why, so.* Well, well. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 87, etc.

100. *My turquoise.* The folio reads, "my Turkies." Marvellous properties were ascribed to this "Turkey-stone." Its colour was said to change with the health of the wearer. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Sejanus:*

> "And true as Turkise in the deare lord's ring,
> Looke well or ill with him."

And Fenton (*Secret Wonders of Nature*, 1569) says: "The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it."

SCENE II.—6. *Hate counsels not*, etc. Hatred would prompt no such feeling.

14. *Beshrew.* See on ii. 6. 52 above.

15. *O'erlook'd.* Bewitched by the "evil eye." Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 87: "thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth."

20. *Though yours, not yours.* The first *yours* is a monosyllable, the second a dissyllable. See on ii. 9. 62 above.

Prove it so, etc. If it prove so (that is, that I am "not yours"), let fortune, not me, bear the penalty.

22. *Peize.* The French *peser*, to weigh. Here it means to delay, as if weighing each moment deliberately, or (as Steevens and others explain the figure) as if the time were retarded by hanging weights to it. S. uses the word in the sense of *weigh* in *Rich. II.* v. 3. 105, and in that of *poise* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 575. *Peize* is intelligible enough here, but Rowe substituted "piece," and the Coll. MS. has "pause."

26. *Then confess.* Alluding to the use of the rack to extort confession.

44. *A swan-like end.* Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 247: "I will play the swan, And die in music;" and *K. John*, v. 7. 21: "this pale, faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death."

54. *Presence.* Dignity of mien.

55. *Alcides.* Laomedon, king of Troy, had offended Neptune, who threatened to inundate the country unless the monarch should sacrifice his daughter Hesione. Accordingly, she was fastened to a rock on the seashore to become the prey of a sea-monster. Hercules rescued her, not for "love," but to get possession of a pair of famous horses belonging to the king. The story is told by Ovid, *Met.* xi.

58. *Dardanian wives.* Trojan women. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 40, etc.

61. *Live thou, I live.* The 1st folio gives the passage thus:

> "Liue thou, I liue with much more dismay
> I view the sight, then thou that mak'st the fray."

H.'s quarto and the 2d folio have "much much more dismay."

63. *Fancy.* Love; as often. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 155: "sighs and tears, poor fancy's followers." So also in compounds, as "fancy-free" (*M. N. D.* ii. 1. 164), "fancy-sick" (*Id.* iii. 2. 96), etc. The *Song* describes in

exquisite imagery the birth and the death of a transient affection, "engendered in the eye," not in the heart.

74. *Still.* Ever. See on i. 1. 17 above.

76. *Season'd.* This carries on the metaphor suggested by *tainted.*

79. *Approve.* Justify, prove. Cf. *Macb.* p. 174.

81. *No vice so simple.* So unmixed. The quartos and 1st folio have "voice;" corrected in 2d folio.

82. *His outward parts.* On *his* for *its*, see Gr. 228.

84. *Stairs.* The folio has "stayers," which K. prints, explaining it as =barriers or bulwarks.

86. *Livers white as milk.* See on ii. 1. 6 above.

87. *Excrement.* Used, as the related word *excrescence* still is, for a superficial growth. It refers here to the *beards;* as in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 109: "dally with my excrement, with my mustachio." It is also applied to the hair in *C. of E.* ii. 2. 79 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 734.

91. *Lightest.* That is, in a bad sense. Cf. below (v. 1. 129), "Let me give light, but let me not be light," etc. See *C. of E.* p. 128 (on 52).

92. *Crisped.* Curled. Milton (*Com.* 984) speaks of "crisped shades and bowers," referring to the leaves waved and curled by the wind.

94 *Upon supposed fairness.* On the strength of their fictitious beauty. The expression seems to us to be closely connected with the preceding line, and not with the one before that. Wr. explains *upon* as ="surmounting."

95. *The dowry,* etc. S. has several times expressed his antipathy to false hair. In *Sonn.* 68 there is a passage very similar to the one in the text. See also *T. of A.* iv. 3. 144: "Thatch your poor thin roofs With burdens of the dead." In *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 258 Biron says:

> "O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
> It mourns that painting. and usurping hair,
> Should ravish doters with a false aspect."

It was then comparatively a recent fashion. Stow says: "Women's periwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris" (1572). Barnaby Rich, in 1615, says of the periwig-sellers: "These attire-makers within these forty years were not known by that name.... But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls—such monstrous mop-poles of hair—so proportioned and deformed that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawn the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

97. *Guiled.* Beguiling, deceptive. Marsh (*Lect. on Eng. Lang.* p. 655) gives examples of "passive participles with active meaning," as *well-spoken, fair-spoken,* etc. "Well *read*" is similar. See also Gr. 374.

99. *An Indian beauty.* This has been a great stumbling-block to the critics, who have proposed "dowdy," "gipsy," "favour" (=face), "visage," "feature," "beldam," etc., in place of *beauty.* Theo. wished to punctuate thus: "Veiling an Indian; beauty, in a word," etc. As W. remarks, "*Indian* is used in a derogatory sense; and the occurrence of *beauteous* and *beauty* in the same sentence is not at all unlike Shakespeare's manner."

102. *Hard food for Midas.* An allusion to the story of Midas, king of

Phrygia, who gained from Bacchus the power to change whatever he touched to gold, and found to his sorrow that even his food was thus transmuted. See Ovid, *Met.* xi.

I will none of thee. See on ii. 2. 188 above.

106. *Thy plainness.* The folio and both quartos have "palenesse." Warb. suggested the emendation, which is adopted by St., D., and W. K., H., Sr., and the Camb. ed. follow the folio. The antithesis of *plainness* and *eloquence* is more natural and more forcible, especially after that of *threatenest* and *promise* in the preceding line. It is an objection to *paleness* that *pale* has just been applied to the *silver* casket.

110. *Green-eyed jealousy.* Cf. "green-eyed monster," in *Oth.* iii. 3. 166. On *green* as a complimentary epithet of *eyes*, see *R. and J.* p. 198.

112. *Rain thy joy.* The later quartos have *rein*, which some prefer.

115. *Counterfeit.* Portrait. Cf. *T. of A.* v. 1. 83: "Thou draw'st a counterfeit Best in all Athens." So in the *Wit of a Woman* (1604): "the drawing of my daughter's counterfeit."

120. *Hairs.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 142: "her hairs were gold," etc.

126. *Unfurnish'd.* Unaccompanied by the other eye, or, perhaps, by the other features.

130. *Continent.* In its original sense of *that which contains.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 64: "tomb enough and continent;" and v. 2. 115: "you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see" (that is, find him containing every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation). In 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 309 ("thou globe of sinful continents"), some make it =*that which is contained* (contents); but see our ed. p. 172.

140. *I come by note*, etc. "I come according to written warrant (the scroll just read) to give a kiss and receive the lady" (Wr.).

141. *Prize.* By metonymy, for the contest.

145. *Peals.* R.'s quarto has "pearles."

156. *Livings.* Possessions, fortune. Cf. v. 1. 260: "you have given me life and living." So in *R. and J.* iv. 5. 40: "life, living, all is death's." See also *Mark*, xii. 44, *Luke*, viii. 43, xv. 12, 30, etc.

158. *Sum of nothing.* This is the reading of the folio, and is more in keeping with the negative characteristics which follow than "sum of something," the reading of the quartos. K. and W. adopt the former; the Camb. editors and H. the latter.

163. *Happiest of all in.* The folio and both quartos have "of all is," which is retained by the Camb. editors; but we agree with W. that "there can be no reasonable doubt" that S. wrote *in.*

174. *Be my vantage*, etc. Be a sufficient ground for my crying out against you. "Exclaim *on*" occurs also in *V. and A.* 930, *R. of L.* 741, 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 60, v. 3. 134, etc.; but in *Ham.* ii. 2. 367, *Oth.* ii. 3. 314, etc., we find "exclaim against."

178. *Fairly spoke.* S. uses both *spoke* and *spoken* as participles. See on ii. 4. 7 above.

191. *None from me.* That is, none *away* from me, since you have enough yourselves.

195. *So thou canst get.* If thou canst. See Gr. 133.

197. *As swift.* The Elizabethan writers use adjectives freely as adverbs. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 89: "Thou didst it excellent," etc. Gr. 1.

199. *Intermission.* Pause, delay. The pointing is Theobald's. The folio reads (as do the other early eds. substantially):

> "You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
> No more pertaines to me my Lord then you."

Intermission is metrically five syllables. See on i. 1. 8 above.

201. *Caskets.* R.'s quarto has "casket."

208. *Achiev'd her mistress.* S. often uses *achieve* in this sense. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 161: "If I achieve not this young modest girl" (see 184 and 224 in same scene); *Oth.* ii. 1. 61: "achiev'd a maid;" etc.

212. *Our feast shall be. Shall=will,* as often. See on i. 1. 116 above.

216. *If that.* See on ii. 6. 55 above.

218. *Very friends.* True friends. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 115: "My very friend." See also *Gen.* xxvii. 21, *John,* vii. 26. *Very* is the Fr. *vrai* (old Fr. *verai*), from Lat. *veracus*, a derivative of *verus.*

228. *Doth. Dost* and *doth* are the established forms for the auxiliary; *dost* and *doeth,* in other cases. In old writers we find the former used for the latter, as here. Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 8: "What dost thou with thy best apparel on?"

231. *Estate.* State, condition. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 17, *A. W.* ii. 1. 122, etc.; also *Gen.* xliii. 7, *Ps.* cxxxvi. 23, etc. On the other hand, *state* is sometimes found in the sense of *estate.* See 254 below.

235. *Success.* Elsewhere S. often uses this word in its old sense of *issue, result.* Cf. *A. W.* v. 1. 62, *Oth.* iii. 3. 122, *Cor.* i. 1. 264, etc.

236. *Won the fleece.* Cf. i. 1. 170 above.

238. *Shrewd.* Evil; the original sense of the word. See *J. C.* p. 145.

239. *Steals.* Changed by Pope to "steal." See Gr. 247.

242. *Constant.* Steadfast, self-possessed. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 207: "Who was so firm, so constant," etc.

257. *Mere.* Absolute, thorough. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on 51.

262. *Have.* All the early eds. read "Hath," which might be retained. See Gr. 334.

Hit. Hit the mark, succeeded.

265. *Scape.* Not to be printed "'scape." See *Macb.* p. 214.

267. *Should appear.* Would appear. See Gr. 322.

268. *Discharge.* Pay. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 122: "I will discharge thee."

271. *Confound.* Destroy, ruin. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 2. 57: "What willingly he did confound," etc.

273. *Impeach the freedom of the state.* Denies that strangers have equal rights in Venice (Wr.). Cf., however, iv. 1. 38, where Shylock says:

> "If you deny me, let the danger light
> Upon your charter and your city's freedom;"

as if the freedom depended upon a charter which might be revoked by the power that had granted it. The thought here may be the same.

275. *Magnificoes of greatest port.* Grandees of highest rank.

276. *Persuaded with.* Used persuasion with. It is the only instance in which S. joins *with* to this verb.

277. *Envious.* Malicious. So *envy*=malice, in iv. 1. 10, 121 below.

284. *Deny.* Forbid. Elsewhere it means *refuse;* as in ii. 2. 161, etc.

288. *Best-condition'd and unwearied.* See on ii. 1. 46 above. In like manner, the ending *-ly* is sometimes omitted in the second of a pair of adverbs. See *Rich. II.* i. 3. 3: "sprightfully and bold;" *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 50: "cheerfully and smooth;" *Oth.* iii. 4. 79: "startingly and rash," etc. More rarely, it is omitted in the first word; as in B. and F., *Pilgrim*, ii. 2: "poor and basely." For *conditioned*, see on i. 2. 112 above.

296. *Description.* A quadrisyllable. See on 199 above.

297. *Hair.* This may be a dissyllable, as Malone and others make it, or, possibly, *through* should be *thorough*, as Coll. suggests. See on ii. 7. 42 above.

307. *Cheer.* In its original meaning of *countenance.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 96: "pale of cheer," etc. It is the French *chère*, which even up to the 16th century was used in the sense of *head, face.* Nicot's "la chère baissée" is exactly equivalent to Milton's "drooping cheer" (*P. L.* vi. 496). In some of the provincial dialects of France the word still retains its old meaning.

312. *Is forfeit.* Is forfeited. So below, iv. 1. 356: "thy wealth being forfeit." See Gr. 342.

313. *You and I.* Cf. "who you shall rightly love," i. 2. 28, and "not I" for "not me," in 21 above. See also *Oth.* iv. 2. 3: "you have seen Cassio and she together." This disregard of the inflections of pronouns was common in writers of the time. See Gr. 205–216.

320. *Nor rest.* R's quarto has "no rest," which may be right.

SCENE III.—2. *Lends.* The folio reading; "lent" in the quartos.

9. *Naughty.* This word was formerly used in a much stronger sense than at present. In *Much Ado*, v. 1. 306 the villain Borachio is called a "naughty man;" and Gloster, in *Lear*, iii. 7. 37, when the cruel Regan plucks his beard, addresses her as "Naughty lady!" Cf. *Prov.* vi. 12, 1 *Sam.* xvii. 28, *James*, i. 21. See also v. 1. 91 below.

Fond. Foolish; as in ii. 9. 26 above. This appears to be the original sense of the word. In Wiclif's Bible, 1 *Cor.* i. 27, we find "the thingis that ben *fonnyd* of the world."

10. *To come.* That is, *as* to come. See Gr. 281.

14. *Dull-eyed.* Wanting in perception (as explained by Wr.), not with eyes dimmed with tears, as some make it.

19. *Kept.* Kept company, dwelt. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 100, etc.

23. *Made moan.* See on i. 1. 126 above.

25. *Grant this forfeiture to hold.* Allow it to hold good.

26. *Deny the course of law.* Interfere with it, refuse to let it take its course. See on iii. 2. 284 above.

27. *For the commodity*, etc. For if the advantages heretofore enjoyed by strangers in Venice be refused them, it will seriously impeach the justice of the state. Capell (whom K. follows) read and pointed thus:

> "The duke cannot deny the course of law
> For (that is, *on account of*) the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice: if it be denied,
> 'T will much impeach," etc.

Commodity there means "traffic, commercial intercourse." But, as W. suggests, the ordinary reading is more in Shakespeare's free style than such a precise passage as Capell makes of it. R.'s quarto has "*his* state."—Thomas, in his *History of Italye* (1561), has a chapter on "The libertee of straungers" in Venice, in which he says: "Al men, specially strangers, haue so muche libertee there, that though they speake very ill by the Venetians, so they attempt nothinge in effect against theyr astate, no man shall control theim for it. . . . And generally of all other thynges, so thou offende no man priuately, no man shal offende the: whyche vndoubtedly is one principall cause, that draweth so many straungers thither" (Wr.). See on i. 1. 178 above.

32. *Bated.* Reduced, lowered. Cf. "bated breath," i. 3. 114 above. It should not be printed *'bated* (as by K., W., H., and others), since it is not a mere metrical contraction of *abated*, but a distinct word (cf. *wake* and *awake*, etc.) often found in prose writers. See examples in Wb. The folio has "bated" both here and in i. 3. 114.

35. *Pray God.* The subject is omitted, as even now it often is in "Would to God," etc.

SCENE IV.—2. *Conceit.* Conception. See *Much Ado*, p. 133.

6. *Send relief.* For the omission of the preposition, see on i. 1. 125 above.

7. *Lover.* Friend. So just below, "bosom lover." Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 13: "Romans, countrymen, and lovers." See also *Ps.* xxxviii. 11. The word, moreover, was formerly applied to both sexes, as *paramour* and *villain* were. Even now we say of a man and woman that they are lovers, or a pair of lovers.

9. *Than customary bounty*, etc. "Than ordinary benevolence can constrain you to be" (Wr.).

11. *Nor shall not.* See on i. 2. 23 above.

Companions. This word was sometimes used contemptuously, as *fellow* still is. See *J. C.* iv. 3. 138: "Companion, hence!" and cf. *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow.*

12. *Waste.* Spend. Cf. Milton (*Sonnet to Mr. Lawrence*): "Help waste a sullen day;" where, however, the idea of "killing time" is more evident than here.

14. *Be needs.* Just below we have the more familiar *needs be.* For *needs*, see on ii. 4. 29 above.

21. *Cruelty.* R.'s quarto has "misery."

25. *Husbandry.* Stewardship. Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 2. 164: "If you suspect my husbandry," etc.

Manage. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 70: "The manage of my state." The word is especially used of horses; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 52: "Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed." See also *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 179, *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 13, etc.

28. *Contemplation.* Metrically five syllables. Gr. 479.

30. *Her husband*, etc. An ellipsis like that in ii. 1. 46 above. Gr. 397.

33. *Deny this imposition.* Refuse this charge *laid upon* you. See on i. 2. 90 above.

49. *Padua.* The old eds. have *Mantua.* The triple mention of *Padua*

as the residence of Bellario in iv. 1, makes the correction here an obvious one; besides, the University of Padua was famed for its jurists (Theo.).

50. *Cousin's hand.* The word *cousin* in that day "seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman* and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both" (Malone). Cf. *Ham.* p. 179.

52. *With imagin'd speed.* With the speed of thought. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 1: "Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies."

53. *Transect.* The word occurs nowhere else. It may be a misprint for "traject" (Rowe), the English equivalent of the French *trajet*, Italian *traghetto*. Coryat (*Crudities*, 1611) says: "There are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call *Traghetti*, where passengers may be transported in a gondola to what place of the city they will." K. thinks the *transect* was the *tow-boat* of the ferry.

56. *Convenient.* Proper, suitable. See on ii. 8. 45 above.

59. *Of us.* That is, of our seeing them.

61. *Accomplished.* Furnished. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 177: "Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;" that is, when he was of thy age. See also *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 12: "The armourers accomplishing (that is, equipping) the knights."

63. *Accoutred.* R.'s quarto has "apparreld."

65. *Braver.* Finer, more showy. Both *brave* and *bravery* are often used in this sense with reference to dress, personal appearance, etc. See *Temp.* i. 2. 6, 411, ii. 2. 122, iii. 2. 12, etc. Cf. also Bacon, *Essay* 37: "the bravery of their liveries;" and *Isa.* iii. 18. The Scottish *braw* is the same word.

67. *Mincing.* This word was not always contemptuous. In the one instance in which Milton uses it (*Comus*, 964: "the mincing Dryades") it appears to mean tripping lightly or gracefully. Cf. also Drayton, *Polyolb.* Song 27: "Ye maids, the hornpipe then so mincingly that tread."

69. *Quaint.* Ingenious, elaborate. See on ii. 4. 6 above.

72. *I could not do withal.* I could not help it. In Palgrave's *Lesclaircissement de la Lang. Fr.*, 1530, we find it thus explained: "*I can nat do withall*, a thyng lyeth nat in me, or I am nat in faulte that a thyng is done." In Florio's *Giardino di Ricreatione*, 1591, "Io non saprei farci altro" is rendered "I cannot doo with all." Cf. also Shelton's *Don Quixote*, 1620: "Why, if you do not vnderstand (said Sancho), I cannot do withall."

75. *That men.* This omission of *so* before *that* is very common. See *J. C.* i. 1. 50: "That Tiber trembled;" *Macb.* ii. 2. 7: "That death and nature do contend," etc. See Gr. 283.

77. *Raw.* Crude, or, in Yankee parlance, "green." Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 76: "Thou art raw," etc.

Jacks. A common term of contempt. See *Much Ado*, v. 1. 91, *Rich. III.* i. 3. 72, *A. and C.* iii. 13. 93, 103, *R. and J.* ii. 4. 160, etc.

79. *All my whole.* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 126: "All the whole army;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 12: "All the whole time," etc.

SCENE V.—3. *I fear you.* That is, fear *for* you; as in 24 below. Steevens quotes *Rich. III.* i. 1. 137: "his physicians fear him mightily."

4. *Agitation.* The clown's blunder for *cogitation.*

12, *When I shun Scylla*, etc. In the *Alexandreis* of Philip Gaultier, written in the early part of the 13th century, we find the line, "Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim," which had been often quoted and translated by English writers before the time of S. The substance of the line has been traced even farther back, to St. Augustine, who (*In Johannis Evang.*) writes: "quasi fugiens Charybdim, in Scyllam incurras . . . a Charybdi quidem evasisti, sed in Scyllaeis scopulis naufragisti."

17. *Enow.* A form of *enough*, generally plural. Cf. iv. 1. 29 below.

36. *Cover.* Launcelot quibbles on the two meanings of the word, *to lay the table* and *to wear one's hat* (see above, ii. 9. 43: "how many then should cover," etc.).

38. *Quarrelling with occasion.* "Quibbling on every opportunity, taking every opportunity to make perverse replies" (Wr.).

46. *Discretion.* Discrimination.

Suited. Suited to each other, arranged.

49. *A many.* This expression is obsolete, though we still say *a few*, and *many a* in a distributive sense. It is occasionally used in poetry, as by Gerald Massey (*Love's Fairy Ring*):

> "We 've known a many sorrows, Sweet:
> We 've wept a many tears."

Wr. quotes Tennyson (*Miller's Daughter*): "They have not shed a many tears." Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 121, *K. John*, iv. 2. 199, etc.

50. *Garnish'd.* Furnished, equipped.

For a tricksy word, etc. For a quibbling word (or a play upon words), set the meaning at defiance. *Tricksy* means sportive in *Temp.* v. 1. 226: "My tricksy spirit!"

51. *How cheer'st thou?* Equivalent to "What cheer? How is 't with you?" in *W. T.* i. 2. 148. R.'s quarto has "How far'st thou?"

52. *Good sweet.* No term of compliment or endearment did more service in that day than *sweet.* This combination of *good sweet* occurs in *Cor.* i. 3. 119, *M. W.* iv. 2. 189, etc. *Opinion* is here a quadrisyllable.

58. *Mean it, then In reason*, etc. The reading of R.'s quarto. H.'s quarto differs from this by having "it" instead of *then;* and the folio has "meane it, it Is," etc. Pope reads "merit it, In;" and St. conjectures "moan, it is In." *Mean it* = intend to *live an upright life.*

63. *Pawn'd.* Staked, wagered. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 15, *Cymb.* i. 4. 118.

70. *Howsoe'er.* The folio has "how som ere"—a common vulgarism in that day.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—5. *Uncapable.* S. uses both *incapable* (six times) and *uncapable* (twice). So we find *uncertain* and *incertain*, *unconstant* and *inconstant*, *unfortunate* and *infortunate*, *ungrateful* and *ingrateful*, etc. Gr. 442.

8. *Obdurate.* The accent is on the penult, as always in S. See Worc. on the word.

9. *And that.* Here *that* is omitted after *since*, and is then inserted in

the second clause without *since*. This is a common construction in the Elizabethan writers. See Gr. 285. In most cases the subjects of the clauses are different. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 177:

> "*If* this law
> Of nature be corrupted through affection,
> And *that* great minds," etc.

So in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, iii. 2: "*Though* my soul be guilty and *that* I think," etc. On the use of *that* with *if*, *since*, *when*, etc., see on ii. 6. 55 above.

10. *Envy's*. See on iii. 2. 277 above. Cf. *Mark*, xv. 10.

18. *Lead'st this fashion*, etc. You keep up this show of malice only until the final hour of execution.

20. *Remorse*. Relenting, pity. This is its usual meaning in S. See *K. John*, ii. 1. 478: "Soft petitions, pity, and remorse;" *Id.* iv. 3. 50: "tears of soft remorse," etc. So *remorseful*=compassionate, and *remorseless*=pitiless (as at present).

21. *Apparent*. Here =seeming. For another sense, see *Rich. II.* p. 150.

22. *Where*. Whereas. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 74: "Where I thought the remnant of mine age," etc.; *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 103: "Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance;" *Cor.* i. 10. 13: "Where I thought to crush him," etc. On the other hand, *whereas* sometimes =*where* (D.), as in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 58: "Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk."

24. *Loose*. Release. This is the reading of the early eds. except the 4th folio, which has "lose."

26. *Moiety*. Portion, share (not an exact half); as often in S. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 90: "a moiety competent;" and see our ed. p. 174.

29. *Royal merchant*. This epithet was striking and well understood in S.'s time, when Sir Thomas Gresham was honoured with the title of *the royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because he transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth; and at Venice the Giustiniani, the Grimaldi, and others were literally "merchant princes," and known as such throughout Europe. For *enow*, see on iii. 5. 17 above.

34. *Gentle*. A pun on *Gentile* is doubtless intended (Wr.).

35. *Possess'd*. See on i. 3. 58 above.

36. *Sabbath*. H.'s quarto has "Sabaoth." "The same mistake occurs in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, ii. 24: 'Sacred & inspired Diuinitie, the Sabaoth and port of all men's labours and peregrinations.' Spenser also confounds the signification of the two words (*F. Q.* viii. 2):

> "'But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
> With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.'

Dr. Johnson, in the first edition of his Dictionary, treated *Sabbath* and *Sabaoth* as identical words, and Sir Walter Scott has (*Ivanhoe*, ch. x.), 'The gains of a week, aye the space between two Sabaoths.' But the error has been corrected in later editions" (Wr.).

39. *Your charter*. See on iii. 2. 273 above.

41. *Carrion*. A favourite term of contempt with S.

43. *But, say, it is*. But suppose it is. Capell first inserted the commas, which are required to make the sense clear.

47. *Some men there are love not*. For the omitted relative, see Gr. 244.

A gaping pig. "Editors and commentators have thought it necessary to discuss the point whether *Shylock* means the gaping of a pig brought to table with an apple in its mouth, or the gaping of the living, squealing animal. He may have meant either" (W.).

49. *Masters of passion.* Agencies (such as he has been speaking of) that move either the sympathy or antipathy of any man. *Passion* is used in the original sense of *feeling* or *emotion*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 48: "I have much mistook your passion," etc.

52. *Abide.* Bear, endure. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 360: "which good natures Could not abide to be with," etc.

55. *Lodg'd.* Settled, abiding.

59. *Current.* Persistent course.

60. *My answer.* H.'s quarto has "my answers."

65. *Think you question.* Consider that you are arguing with.

67. *Main flood.* The "ocean tide." Cf. "the flood," i. 1. 10. "The main" generally means the sea (as in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 20: "tumbling billows of the main"), but sometimes the main land. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 15: "the main of Poland," and *Lear*, iii. 1. 6: "swell the curled waters 'bove the main."

68. *You may as well use question*, etc. In the copy of H.'s quarto belonging to the Duke of Devonshire we have:

> "well use question with the Woolfe,
> the Ewe bleake for the Lambe."

while in the copy *of the same edition*, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, it is corrected to read as in the text (except that it retains "bleake"). The change must have been made while the edition was printing. The folio prints "Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe," but leaves the second line imperfect.

70. *Pines.* The quartos have "of pines."

72. *Fretted.* Both quartos have "fretten;" but elsewhere S. uses *fretted*.

74. *What 's harder?* Thus in the quartos. The folios have "what harder?"

77. *With all brief and plain conveniency.* "With such brevity and directness as befits the administration of justice" (Wr.).

78. *Have judgment.* Receive sentence. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 123: "Thieves are not judg'd," etc. See also *Luke*, xix. 22.

87. *Parts.* Capacities, employments.

95. *Dearly bought.* In "dear bought" (iii. 2. 308 above) we have, as often, the adjective for the adverb.

99. *Upon my power.* By virtue of my prerogative.

101. *Determine.* Decide. The word sometimes means *to put an end to*, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 82: "Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me;" sometimes, *to come to an end*, as in *Cor.* v. 3. 120: "till these wars determine."

117. *Forfeiture.* Rowe reads "forfeit."

118. *Not on thy sole, but on thy soul.* Cf. the quibble in *J. C.* i. 1. 15: "a mender of bad soles." For the sentiment, cf. 2. *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 107:

> "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
> Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart."

120. *The hangman's axe.* So in Fletcher's *Prophetess*, iii. 2, Dioclesian,

who had *stabbed* Aper, is called "the hangman of Volusius Aper;" and in *Jacke Drums Entertainment* (1616), when Brabant Junior says, "let mine owne hand Be mine owne hangman," he refers to *stabbing* himself. In the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, Bayes speaks of "a great huge hangman, . . . with his sword drawn" (D.). Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 143.

121. *Envy.* Malice. See on iii. 2. 277 above.

123. *Inexorable.* The reading of the 3d folio; "inexecrable" in all the earlier eds.

124. *For thy life.* For allowing thee to live.

126. *Pythagoras.* The philosopher of Samos, to whom was attributed the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 54: "*Clown.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl? *Malvolio.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird."

129. *Who, hang'd,* etc. See on i. 3. 127 above.

133. *Starv'd.* The folio has "steru'd." The word is the A. S. *steorfan*, Old Eng. *sterven* (frequent in Chaucer), Ger. *sterben.* It originally meant to die, but in the latter part of the 16th century came to be used in the narrower sense of perishing with *cold*—a meaning which it still has in the North of England (see also 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 343, etc.)—or with *hunger.* We find the form *sterve* in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 6. 34, ii. 7. 57, etc. (=to die), and in *Shep. Kal.* Feb. 83, "starved with cold."

137. *Cureless.* The quarto reading; "endless" in the folios.

143. *Go give.* Cf. "come view," ii. 7. 43; "go sleep," *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 139; "go seek the king," *Ham.* ii. 1. 101, etc. Gr. 349.

153. *To fill up.* To fulfil.

154. *No impediment to let him lack.* "No hindrance to his receiving" (Wr.). For this peculiar form of "double negative" in S., see Schmidt, p. 1420. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 156, note on 12.

160. *Came you.* The quartos have "Come you."

162. *The difference,* etc. The dispute which is the subject of the present trial.

164. *Throughly.* See on ii. 7. 42 above.

169. *Such rule.* Such due form.

171. *Within his danger.* Cf. *V. and A.* 639: "Come not within his danger; *T. N.* v. 1. 87: "Into the danger of this adverse town," etc.

176. *It droppeth,* etc. As Douce suggests, S. may have had in mind *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20: "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought."

177. *Twice blest.* "Endowed with double blessing" (Wr.).

181. *Shows.* Represents. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 42: "showing, as in a model, our firm estate."

187. *Show.* Show itself, appear. Cf. ii. 2. 167 above.

188. *Seasons.* Tempers. Malone quotes *Edward III.* (1596):

> "And kings approach the nearest unto God
> By giving life and safety unto men."

and Sir John Harrington's *Orlando Furioso:*

> "This noble virtue and divine
> Doth chiefly make a man so rare and odd,
> As in that one he most resembleth God."

191. *We do pray for mercy*, etc. Sir W. Blackstone considered this out of character as addressed to a Jew. S. probably had the Lord's Prayer immediately in his mind, but the sentiment is also found in *Ecclesiasticus*, xxviii. (K.).

195. *Follow.* Insist upon. For *court* the folios have "course."

199. *Discharge.* Pay. See on iii. 2. 268 above.

201. *Twice.* Some critics would change this to *thrice*, because we have "thrice the sum" just below. It is possible that *twice* is a misprint, as W. suggests, but we see no necessity for bringing the two passages into mathematical agreement. For Shakespeare's carelessness in these little arithmetical matters, see *C. of E.* p. 148, note on 400.

205. *Truth.* Honesty. So "a true man" was an honest man, as opposed to a thief. See *M. for M.* iv. 2. 46: "Every true man's apparel fits your thief;" 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 98: "the thieves have bound the true men," etc.

211. *Precedent.* The folios have "president."

214. *A Daniel come to judgment.* The allusion is to the *History of Susanna*, 45: "The Lord raised up the holy spirit of a young youth, whose name was Daniel," etc.

215. *How do I.* The quartos have "how I do."

239. *Hath full relation*, etc. Clearly recognizes that this penalty (like any other) should be paid.

242. *More elder.* Double comparatives and superlatives are common in the Elizabethan writers. In S. we find "more larger" (*A. and C.* iii. 6. 76), "more better" (*Temp.* i. 2. 19), "more braver" (*Id.* i. 2. 439), "more rawer" (*Ham.* v. 2. 129), "most boldest" (*J. C.* iii. 1. 121), "most unkindest" (*Id.* iii. 2. 187), etc. See Gr. 11. In *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 49 we find "less happier," the only instance with *less* found in S.

245. *The very words.* We still use *very* as an adjective in this sense of *exact*, or *precise*, though not in the sense of *true*, as in iii. 2. 218 above.

246. *Balance.* W. says, "The plural form *balances* was rarely used in S.'s day, if at all." We find "ballances, or a payre of ballance: *libra*" in Baret's *Alvearie* (1580), and Cotgrave (1611) has "balance; a pair of balances." Here, however, it may be a contracted plural. See Gr. 471.

248. *On your charge.* At your expense.

249. *Do bleed.* The folios have "should bleed," and in the next line "It is so nominated," and in 254 "Come merchant."

259. *Still her use.* Ever her custom. See on i. 1. 17 above. On *use*, cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 25: "these things are beyond all use."

263. *Such misery.* Wr. suggests that *misery* may have the accent on the penult both here and in *K. John*, iii. 4: "And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love," etc. Cf. Gr. 490 (p. 390).

266. *Speak me fair in death.* Speak well of me when I am dead. "Romeo that spoke him fair" (*R. and J.* iii. 1. 158) means "Romeo that spoke *to* him in conciliatory terms;" and, as Wr. remarks, this is the usual meaning of the phrase.

268. *A love.* Cf. *lover* in iii. 4. 17 above. D. reads "lover" here.

269. *Repent not you.* The quartos have "Repent but you," which the Camb. ed. retains.

272. *Instantly.* R.'s quarto has "presently."

With all my heart. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 74 fol., where the dying Gaunt jests on his name:

> "Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
> * * * *
> Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave," etc.;

and where, in reply to Richard's question, "Can sick men play so nicely with their names?" he says: "No, *misery makes sport to mock itself.*"

274. *Which is as dear.* See on ii. 7. 4 above.

286. *These be.* See on i. 3. 19 above.

287. *Barrabas.* So spelled in Tyndale's and Coverdale's versions. In Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* the name is *Barabas*, not *Barabbas* (Wr.).

289. *Pursue.* Accented on the first syllable. Cf. *pursuit* in *Sonn.* 143. 4.

299. *Take then.* The folios read "Then take."

302. *Confiscate.* Confiscated. This Latinism is most frequent in verbs derived from the first conjugation (as *dedicate, consecrate, degenerate, suffocate*, etc.), but it is found in other Latin derivatives. See Gr. 342.

318. *Be it but.* The folios omit *but.*

319. *The substance.* The amount.

325. *I have thee on the hip.* See on i. 3. 40 above.

335. *So taken.* The folios have "taken so."

340. *Alien.* A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 8 above.

343. *Contrive.* Plot. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 3. 16: "the fates with traitors do contrive;" and see our ed. p. 153.

359. *Spirits.* H.'s quarto and the folios have "spirit."

363. *Which humbleness*, etc. Which humble entreaty on thy part may induce me to commute for a fine.

364. *Ay, for the state*, etc. That is, the half which goes to the state may be thus commuted, but not Antonio's.

374. *In use.* In trust for Shylock, for the purpose of securing it at his death to Lorenzo. *Use* does not mean *interest*, which Antonio has said (i. 3. 55 above) that he neither gives nor takes.

380. *Of all he dies possess'd.* See on i. 1. 125 above.

389. *Thou shalt.* The quartos have "shalt thou."

390. *Ten more.* To make up a jury of twelve. This, as Malone observes, appears to have been an old joke.

392. *Home with me.* The folios have "with me home."

393. *Desire your grace of pardon.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 185: "desire you of more acquaintance;" and *Oth.* iii. 3. 212: "beseech you of your pardon." So in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 42: "If it be I, of pardon I you pray."

397. *Gratify.* Recompense. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 44: "To gratify his noble service," etc.

403. *Cope.* Reward, requite.

412. *Of force.* Of necessity. *Perforce* is still used in this sense.

Attempt. Tempt. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 205: "neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you" (Wr.).

442. *Be valued 'gainst.* The folios have "valued against," the quartos "valew'd gainst," which requires "commandement" (the reading of both

quartos and folio) to be a quadrisyllable. W. says that this pronunciation was obsolete in S.'s day; but it is required in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 20: "From him I have express commandement." See Gr. 488.

SCENE II.—6. *Upon more advice.* Upon further consideration. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 469: "after more advice;" and *Rich. II.* i. 3. 233: "upon good advice" (after due deliberation), etc.

15. *Old swearing.* *Old* in this intensive or augmentative sense is common in writers of the time. For other examples in S., see *Macb.* ii. 3. 2, *M. W.* i. 4. 5, *Much Ado*, v. 2. 98, and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 21. Cf. the slang phrase of our day, "a high old time." The Italian *vecchio*, as D. remarks, is (or was) used in the same sense.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *Troilus.* S. in the play of *Troilus and Cressida* makes "Cressid" the daughter of the soothsayer Calchas, but her name is not found in classic fable. The allusion here is borrowed from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, in which the prince is described as watching "upon the walles" for Cressida's coming.

7. *Thisbe.* The story of the Babylonian lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe, is told by Ovid, *Met.* iv. 55. fol. Golding's translation was published in 1564, but S. may have read the original. He probably drew more directly from Chaucer's *Legende of Goode Women*, in which Thisbe, Dido, and Medea are introduced one after another.

10. *Dido.* The picture of Dido is not in accordance with Virgil's narrative. It may have been suggested by that of Ariadne in the *Legende of Goode Women* (2187 fol.):

> "to the stronde barefote fast she went.—
> * * * * *
> Hire kercheſe on a pole styked shee,
> Ascaunce that he shulde hyt wel ysee,
> And hym remembre that she was behynde,
> And turn agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde."

The earliest reference to the *willow* as a symbol of forsaken love is found in a MS. collection of poems by John Heywood, about 1530. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i. pp. 121–124 (Bohn's ed.). Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 194, 225, *Oth.* iv. 3. 28 fol., 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 228, etc.

11. *Waft.* For *wafted*, as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 73: "Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er." Theo. altered it to *wav'd*, which W. and many other editors adopt. Cf. *lift* for *lifted* in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 16, *Gen.* vii. 17, *Ps.* xciii. 3, etc. Gr. 341.

13. *Medea.* The allusion is to the fable of her restoring Æson, the father of Jason, to youthful vigour by her enchantments. Ovid (*Met.* vii.) tells us that she drew blood from his veins, and supplied its place with the juice of certain herbs. In Gower's *Conf. Am.* there is a beautiful description of Medea going forth at midnight to gather "the enchanted herbs:"

> "Thus it befell upon a night
> Whann there was nought but sterre light,

She was vanished right as hir list,
That no wight but herself wist,
And that was at midnight tide,
The world was still on every side," etc.

16. *Unthrift.* We have the adjective again in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 311, and the noun in *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 122, *Sonn.* 9. 9 and 13. 13.

28. *Stephano.* In the *Temp.* this name has the accent on the first syllable, where it belongs.

31. *Holy crosses.* These are very common in Italy. Besides those in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on hill-tops, and at the intersection of roads; and there is now a shrine of the Madonna del Mare in the midst of the sea between Mestre and Venice, and another between Venice and Palestrina, where the gondolier and mariner cross themselves in passing, and whose lamp nightly gleams over the waters, in moonlight and storm (K.).

36. *Go we in.* See on ii. 8. 53 above. In "let us prepare," in the next line, we have the ordinary form of the 1st pers. imperative.

39. *Sola*, etc. An imitation of the post-horn.

41. *Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo.* R.'s quarto has "M. Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo;" H.'s quarto and the 1st folio, "M. Lorenzo & M. Lorenzo;" the later folios, "M. Lorenzo, and Mrs. Lorenza." The Camb. ed. reads: "did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!"

53. *Music.* This word sometimes meant musical instruments, or a band of music. See *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 94: "Bid the music leave; They are harsh," etc. Cf. 98 below: "It is your music, madam, of the house."

56. *Creep in.* On *in* for *into*, see Gr. 159.

59. *Patines.* The *patine* was the plate used for the sacramental bread, and was sometimes made of gold. R.'s quarto has "pattents;" H.'s quarto and the 1st folio, "pattens;" and the 2d folio, "patterns," which is adopted by some modern editors.

61. *His motion. His* for *its;* as in 82 below. Gr. 228.

Sings. For other allusions to the "music of the spheres" in S., see *A. and C.* v. 2. 84, *T. N.* iii. 1. 121, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 6, etc.

62. *Cherubins.* So in both quartos and first two folios; "cherubims" in the later folios. The singular *cherubin* is found in *Temp.* i. 2. 152, *Mach.* i. 7. 22, *Oth.* iv. 2. 63, and *L. C.* 319; *cherub* only in *Ham.* iv. 3. 50. *Cherubin* occurs in Spenser and other poets of the time, and is used even by Dryden. The French word is *chérubin*, the Italian *cherubino*, the Spanish *querubin.*

63. *Such harmony*, etc. Besides the music of the spheres, which no mortal ear ever caught a note of, there was by some philosophers supposed to be a harmony in the human soul. "Touching musical harmony," says Hooker (quoted by Farmer), "whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding, is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature is, or hath in it, harmony." But, though this harmony is within us, "this muddy vesture of decay," as the poet tells us, "doth grossly close it in" so that we cannot hear it.

72. *Unhandled colts.* Cf. Ariel's simile of the "unback'd colts," *Temp.* iv. 1, 176.

77. *Mutual.* Common. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 122: "mutual cry," etc.

80. *Orpheus.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 78:

> "For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
> Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones," etc.;

and *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 3:

> "Orpheus with his lute made trees,
> And the mountain tops that freeze,
> Bow themselves when he did sing."

87. *Erebus.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 84: "Not Erebus itself were dim enough," etc. The word, though sometimes used figuratively for the lower world in general, denotes strictly "a place of nether darkness between the Earth and Hades."

99. *Without respect.* Absolutely, without regard to circumstances. St. thinks it means *without attention*, and refers to the *attended* that follows.

103. *Attended.* Attended to, listened to attentively. Cf. *Sonn.* 102. 7:

> "As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
> And stops her pipe in growth of riper days;
> Not that the summer is less pleasant now
> Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
> But that wild music burthens every bough,
> And sweets grown common lose their dear delight."

All the birds mentioned here—the crow, lark, cuckoo, etc.—are found in Italy.

107. *By season*, etc. "By fitness of occasion are adapted or qualified to obtain their just appreciation, and to show their true excellence."

109. *Peace, ho!* The old copies have "Peace! How the moon," etc., and some of the editors prefer this reading. But, as D. remarks, "how" is often the old spelling of *ho!* In *J. C.* i. 2. 1 we find "Peace, ho!" used, as here, to silence the music.

Endymion. A beautiful shepherd beloved by Diana. Fletcher, in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, tells

> "How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
> First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
> She took eternal fire that never dies;
> How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
> His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
> Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
> Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
> To kiss her sweetest."

The fable appears in many forms in the classic writers, and has been a favourite one with poets ever since.

115. *Which speed.* See on ii. 7. 4 above.

121. *A tucket sounds.* This stage-direction is found in the 1st folio. A *tucket* (probably from the Italian *toccata*) is a flourish on a trumpet. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 35: "Then let the trumpet sound The tucket-sonance."

127. *We should hold day*, etc. We should have day when the Antipodes do, if you, Portia, would walk abroad at night.

129. *Let me give light*, etc. See on iii. 2. 91 above.

132. *God sort all!* God dispose all things! Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 36:

> "All may be well; but if God sort it so,
> 'T is more than we deserve, or I expect."

136. *In all sense.* In all reason.

141. *Breathing courtesy.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 27: "Mouth-honour, breath."

146. *Poesy.* The *poesy* or *posy* (for the two words are the same), of a ring was a motto or rhyme inscribed upon its inner side. The fashion of putting such "posies" on rings prevailed from the middle of the 16th to the close of the 17th centuries.* In 1624 a little book was published with the quaint title, *Love's Garland, or Posies for Rings, Handkerchiefs, and Gloves; and such pretty tokens, that lovers send their loves.* Lyly, in his *Euphues*, Part Second, 1597, hopes that the ladies will be favourable to his work, "writing your judgments as you do the Posies in your rings, which are always next to the finger, not to be seene of him that holdeth you by the hand, and yet knowne by you that weare them on your hands." The Rev. Giles Moore, in his Journal, 1673–4, writes, "I bought for Ann Brett a gold ring, this being the posy: *When this you see, remember me.*" Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 162: "Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?" In most of the modern editions (not in K. or W.) we find "posy" in this passage, as well as in the *M. of V.*; but the 1st folio has "Poesie" in both plays. These are the only instances in which S. uses the word in this sense.

148. *Leave me not.* Do not part with me. *Leave* is used in the same sense by Portia in 170 below.

154. *Respective.* Considerate, regardful. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 128: "respective lenity;" which Malone well explains by "cool, considerate gentleness." See also *K. John*, i. 1. 188.

155. *But well I know.* Both quartos have "No, God 's my judge." The change may have been made on account of the statute of James I. against the use of the name of God on the stage; but see on i. 2. 96 above.

156. *On 's.* See Gr. 182.

160. *Scrubbed.* Not merely *stunted*, as usually explained, but rather, as W. gives it, "dwarfish and unkempt." Cotgrave (*Fr. and Eng. Dict.*) has, "Marpaut. *An ill-favoured scrub, a little ouglie or swartie wretch.*" Coles (*Lat. and Eng. Dict.*) translates "scrubbed" by *squalidus*.

175. *I were best.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 3. 13: "truly you were best," etc. Gr. 352.

197. *The virtue of the ring.* The power it has; the right to me and mine of which it is the pledge. See iii. 2. 171, where Portia gives the ring.

199. *Contain.* Retain; as in *Sonn.* 77. 9: "what thy memory cannot contain," etc. It often means *restrain;* as in *T. of A.* ii. 2. 26: "contain thyself," etc.

202. *Had pleas'd to have defended.* For "had pleased to defend." The inaccuracy is sometimes found in good writers of our day, and has even been defended by one or two grammarians.

203. *Wanted.* As to have wanted.

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* Inscriptions on the outside of rings have been common from the old Greek and Roman times. Chaucer, in *Troilus and Cresseide*, describes the heroine as giving her lover a ring with a love-motto upon it, and receiving one in return.

204. *Urge.* Urge you to give it to him; insist upon it. *Ceremony*= a sacred thing.

208. *Civil doctor.* Doctor of civil law.

212. *Did uphold.* H.'s quarto and the folios have "had held up."

218. *For, by these*, etc. The folios have "And, by these." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 9: "Night's candles are burnt out;" *Macb.* ii. 1. 5: "There 's husbandry in heaven; Their candles are all out;" and Fairfax's *Tasso*, ix. 10: "When heaven's small candles next shall shine" (where the original has merely *di notte*). See also *Sonn.* 21. 12.

237. *Wealth.* Weal, welfare. In the Litany "wealth" is opposed to "tribulation."

238. *Which.* That is, which *loan.*

239. *Miscarried.* Perished; as in ii. 8. 29 and iii. 2. 310 above. Cf. *T. N.* p. 152, or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 182.

241. *Advisedly.* Deliberately. Cf. *advised* in i. 1. 142 and ii. 1. 42 above.

257. *Richly.* Richly laden. Cf. "richly left," i. 1. 161 above.

260. *Living.* See on *livings*, iii. 2. 156 above.

262. *To road.* To harbour. Cf. "ports, and piers, and roads," i. 1. 19 above.

270. *Satisfied of.* Satisfied concerning (Gr. 174); that is, you wish to know more about them. *At full*=in full, fully.

272. *And charge us*, etc. "In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for 'contempt,' the practice is that before sentence is finally pronounced he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there 'charged upon interrogatories' he is made to swear that he will 'answer all things faithfully'" (Lord Campbell's *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*).

Inter'gatories. This contracted form was common in S.'s time. We find it even in prose in *A. W.* iv. 3. 207, as printed in the early editions. The full form occurs in *K. John*, iii. 1. 147. See also *Cymb.* p. 223.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—The Rev. N. J. Halpin, in an elaborate paper published in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1875–76, pp. 388–412, makes the entire time covered by the play only *thirty-nine hours*, which he divides into two periods, with the interval between them, as follows:

"1. The first period ranges from the opening of the action and the borrowing of Shylock's money, to the embarkation of Bassanio and his suite for Belmont [10 hours].

"2. The second includes the time between Bassanio's *arrival at Belmont* and *his return* to it, accompanied by Antonio after the trial [18 hours].

"3. And the interval between these two periods is *concurrent with the time of the bond*, whatever that may be [11 hours, or from 9 P.M. of one day to 8 A.M. of the next]."

Mr. Halpin assumes that the bond is a fraudulent one, payable *at sight*

or *on demand*, which Shylock has substituted for the three-months bond agreed upon.

In a note read before the New Shaks. Soc. Oct. 12th, 1877 (printed in the *Transactions*, 1877–79, pp. 41–57), and also in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (same vol. of *Transactions*, p. 148 fol.), Mr. P. A. Daniel shows the inaccuracy of Halpin's scheme, and sums up his own "time-analysis" thus:

"Time: eight days represented on the stage; with intervals. Total time: a period of rather more than three months.

Day 1. Act I.
Interval—say a week. *
" 2. Act II. sc. i.–vii.
Interval—one day. †
" 3. Act II. sc. viii. and ix.
Interval—bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond.
" 4. Act III. sc. i.
Interval—rather more than a fortnight.‡
" 5. Act III. sc. ii.–iv.
" 6. Act III. sc. v., Act IV.
" 7 and 8. Act V.§"

BASSANIO'S ARROWS (i. 1. 140 fol.).—In the *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 460, Mr. Furnivall quotes the following illustrative passage from *Quips vpon Questions*, 1600:

"*How shall I finde it?*

Ile tell thee how to finde that eare againe.
Children, in shooting, when they loose an Arrow
In high growne or deepe grasse, omit no paine,
But with their Bowes end, rake and search it narrow,
And when they bootlesse seeke, and finde it not,
After some sorrow, this amendes is got:

---

* In ii. 2, we find Launcelot lamenting his hard life in Shylock's service; he knows that Bassanio gives "rare new liveries," and we may suppose that in going of errands between Shylock and Bassanio he has gained his knowledge of the superior comforts to be obtained in the service of the latter. He accordingly petitions to be admitted his servant, and he obtains his end; for Bassanio "knows him well," and tells him that this very day Shylock himself has preferred him. This fact alone shows that Shylock—however inwardly he has cherished his hate—has been at least for some little time in familiar intercourse with Bassanio and his friends since the signing of the bond. Meanwhile Bassanio has engaged his ship, and is waiting for a fair wind; and Lorenzo has been courting Jessica. Note also what Jessica says in iii. 2. 279 fol. All this supposes a lapse of time—say a week—since the signing of the bond.

† For Bassanio's journey to Belmont, etc.

‡ In iii. 1, Shylock says to Tubal: "Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a *fortnight* before." However doubtful we may feel as to its flight, this distinct note of time leaves us no choice but to believe in an interval, between this and the preceding scenes, of sufficient length to bring the three-months bond to within a fortnight of its maturity.

§ After the trial Bassanio and Antonio propose to fly towards Belmont early next morning. Portia and Nerissa start for home that night, and arrive on the next night (Day 7) before their husbands. Act V. begins at a late hour that night, and ends two hours before day (Day 8).

An other shaft they shoote that direct way
As whilome they the first shot; and be plaine
Twentie to one, as I haue heard some say,
The former Arrow may be found againe.
So, as you lost the first eare, gentle brother,
Venture the second eare, to find the tother.

Nay, soft and faire, to do that I am loth;
So I may happen for to lose them both.

Quip. { *Better lost than found: who will beweepe them?*
{ *Fools hauing eares, yet do want wit to keepe them.*"

A breed of barren metal (p. 136). Mr. Furnivall cites Middleton, *The Blacke Booke:* "coming to repay both the money and the breed of it—for interest may well be called the usurer's bastard," etc.

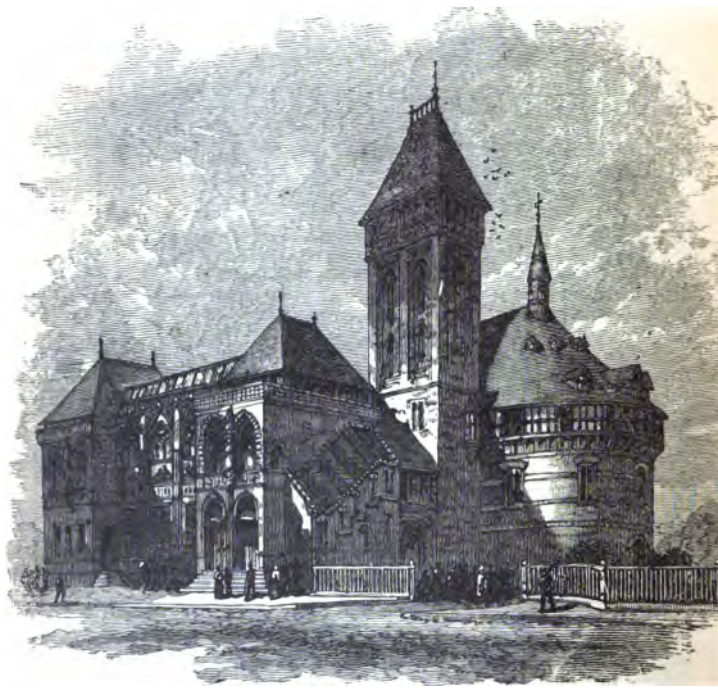
Sand-blind (p. 138). Mr. Furnivall quotes Baret, *Alvearie*, 1580: "Sand-blind. Vide Bleare eied, & Poreblind" (that is, purblind); and "Poore-blind, or that seeth dimlie . . . *Qui ha courte veue.*"

No master, sir, but a poor man's son (ii. 2. 43). Mr. Furnivall quotes Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England* (ed. 1612): "as for gentlemē, they be made good cheap in England. For whosoeuer studieth the laws of the Realm, who studieth in the Uniuersities, who professeth liberall Sciences: and to be short, who can liue idely, and without manuall labour, and will beare the port, charge and countenance of a Gentleman, hee shall bee called *master*, for that is the tytle which men giue to Esquires, and other Gentlemen, and shall bee taken for a Gentleman."

Cater-cousins (p. 139). W. G. S. (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 463) finds an instance of this word in Mabbe's *Guzman de Alfarache*, 1623: "I was not halfe Cater-cousins with him, because by his meanes, I had lost my Cloake, and sup't vpon a Mule."

Reply, reply (iii. 2. 66). The early eds. print "*How begot, how nourished. Replie, replie.*" H. ("Harvard" ed.) follows Hanmer and Johnson in reading "*Reply*" as a stage-direction, though no other instance of such use has been pointed out. As the Camb. editors remark, the words "seem to be required as part of the song by the rhythm, and (if we read *eye* with the quartos) by the rhyme also." All recent editors except H. retain them in the text.

Salerio (iii. 3. 214).—It is not strange that the similarity in the names *Salarino*, *Salanio*, and *Salerio* caused some confusion in the prefixes to the speeches in the early eds. and also here and there in the text; but the modern editors have made deliberate alterations that are less excusable than these slips of the old printers. Several of them have changed *Salanio* to "Solanio," though the former is the prevailing form in both quartos and folios; and K. (followed by D., H., and others) assumes that *Salerio* is a misprint for "Solanio." It happens, however, that this name is given with singular uniformity in the early eds.; and, as W. remarks, "the style of Salerio's speech shows that he is a person of inferior rank to Salarino and Salanio." No doubt some critic would be making these latter two gentlemen one, if they did not several times appear on the stage together.



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL HALL, STRATFORD.

INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED.

a (capering, etc.), 132, 140.
a' (=he), 139.
a many, 155.
abide (=bear), 157.
accomplished, 154.
achieve, 151.
address, 145.
advice, 161.
advised, 130.
advisedly, 165.
afeard, 144.
agitation (=cogitation), 155.
alablaster, 129.
alas the while! 137.
Alcides, 138, 148.
aleven, 140.
alien (trisyllable), 160.
all my whole, 154.
an (=if), 131.
and (=an), 131.
and so following, 134.
Andrew, 128.
angel (coin), 144.
apparent, 156.
appropriation, 131.
approve (=prove), 149.
argosy, 127.
as (omitted), 152.
as who should say, 129.
aspect (accent), 128, 137.
at full, 165.
attempt (=tempt), 160.
attended, 163.
avail (avale), 128.
aweary, 131.

balance (plural), 159.
Barrabas, 160.
bate, 153.
be (=are), 134, 144, 160.
be friends with, 136.
bechanced, 128.
beefs, 136.
beest, 144.
beholding (=beholden), 135.
beshrew, 143, 148.
best-conditioned and unwearied, 152.
bestow, 140.
best-regarded, 137.
bid forth, 142.
Black-Monday, 142.
blest or cursed'st, 138.
bonnet, 132.
bottom, 128.
brave, 154.
break his day, 136.
break up (=break open), 141.
breed of barren metal, 136, 167.
Brutus' Portia, 131.
by (=about), 132, 146.

came by it, 127.
can, 133.
carrion (in contempt), 156.
carrion death, 145.
cater-cousin, 139, 167.
cere-cloth, 144.
ceremony, 165.
Charybdis, 155.
charge upon interrogatories, 165.
cheer, 152, 155, 157.
cherubin, 162.
childhood proof, 130.
circumstance, 130.
civil doctor, 165.
close (=secret), 143.
commandement, 160.
commends (noun), 146.
commodity, 131, 152.
companion (contemptuous), 153.
complexion (quadrisyllable), 137.
compromised, 135.
conceit, 129, 153.
condition, 133.
confiscate (participle), 160.
confound, 151.
constant, 151.
contain, 164.
contemplation (metre), 153.
continent, 150.
contrive (=plot), 160.
conveniency, 157.
convenient, 145, 154.
cope, 160.
could not do withal, 154.
counterfeit, 150.
county (=count), 131.
courtesy, 128.
cousin, 154.
cover, 146, 155.
crisped, 149.
current, 157.
curtsy, 128.

danger, 158.
Daniel come to judgment, 159.
Dardanian wives, 148.
deny, 152.
description (quadrisyllable), 152.
desire you of pardon, 160.
determine, 157.
Dido, 161.
disable, 144.
discharge, 151, 159.
discretion, 155.
distinct (accent), 146.
do, 127.
do we so, 145.
doit, 136.
doth, 151.
doublet, 132.
ducat, 133.
dull-eyed, 152.
dwell, 136.

eanling, 135.
Endymion, 163.
enow, 155.
envious, 151.
envy, 151, 156.
Erebus, 163.
estate, 146, 151.
exceeding (adverb), 128.
excess, 135.
exclaim on, 150.
excrement, 149.
exhibit, 141.

fair (play upon), 137.
faithless, 141.
fall (transitive), 135.
fancy (= love), 148.
father, 139.
fear, 137, 154, 165.
fearful, 137.
fill up (=fulfil), 158.
fill-horse, 139.
find forth, 130.
fire (dissyllable), 146.
flight (of arrow), 13 .
follow (-insist upon), 159.
fond, 146, 152.
fool (adjective), 130, 146.
fool-gudgeon, 129.
for (= because), 134.
forfeit, 152.
forth, 128, 130, 142.
fraught, 145.
from (=away from), 150.

gaberdine, 135.
gaged, 130.
gaping pig, 157.
garnished, 155.
gear, 130, 140.
Gentile (play upon), 143, 156.
glister, 145.
go give, 158.
go hard, 148.
go to, 136.
go we in, 162.
God bless the mark! 138.
God's sonties, 139.
good, 133.
good sweet, 155.
Goodwins, 147.
gramercy, 139.
gratify, 160.
gree, 139.
guard (=trim), 140.
gudgeon, 129.
guiled, 149.

had better, 132.
had rather to, 132.
hair (dissyllable), 152.
hairs, 150.
hangman, 157.
hard food for Midas, 149.
hear thee, 140.
high-day, 147.
his (=its), 162.
hit, 151.
hood, 143.
hose (round), 132.
hour (dissyllable), 146.
husbandry, 153.
Hyrcanian, 144.

I (=me), 152.
I were best, 164.
I wis, 146.
if that, 143, 151.
impeach the freedom of the state. 151.
imposition, 132, 153.
in (=go in), 140.
in (=into), 162.
in all sense, 164.
in supposition, 134.
incarnation, 138.
Indian beauty, 149.
insculped, 144.
interest, 134.
intermission (metre), 151.
inter'gatories, 165.

Jacks, 154.
Jacob's staff, 142.
Janus, 128.
Jewess, 142.
judgment, 157.
jump, 146.

keep (=dwell), 152.
knap, 147.
knave, 137.

leave (=part with), 164.
level at, 131.
liberal, 140.
Lichas, 138.
light (play upon) 149, 164.
like (=likely), 144.
likely, 147.
liver, 129, 149.
living, 150, 165.
lodged, 156.
loose, 156.
love (=lover), 159.
lover, 153.

magnificoes, 151.
main, 157.
manage (noun), 153.
marry, 138.
martlet, 146.
master (as title), 167.
masters of passion, 157.
match, 147.
may, 133.
me (expletive), 135, 139.
Medea, 161.
mere, 151.
methought, 135.
Midas, 149.
mincing, 154.
mind of love, 145.
misbeliever, 135.
miscarried, 165.
misery (accent), 159.
mislike, 137.
moe, 130, 143.
moiety, 156.
more elder, 159.
music (=musicians), 162.
muttons, 136.
mutual, 163.
myself (subject), 137.

narrow seas, 145.
naughty, 152.
needs, 133, 141, 159.
Nestor, 128.
nice, 137.
no impediment to let him lack, 158.
nor (double negative), 131, 138.
nothing undervalued, 131.

obdurate (accent), 145.
obliged, 142.
obscure (accent), 144.
occasion, 130, 155.
ocean (trisyllable), 127.
o'erlooked, 148.
o'er-stare, 137.
of (=about), 135, 165.
of (=by, with), 141.
of (=for), 142.
of (omitted), 130, 160.
of force, 160.
old (intensive), 161.
on your charge, 159.
on 't, 143.
opinion (quadrisyllable), 127, 155.
opinion of wisdom, 129.
Orpheus, 163.
ostent, 141, 145.
other (plural), 128.
overpeer, 127.
over-weathered, 143.

Padua, 153.
pageant, 127.
pain (=pains), 140.
parcel, 133.
part (=depart), 145.
parts, 157.
passion, 145, 157.
patch, 142.
patine, 162.
pawned, 155.
peep through their eyes, 128.
peize, 148.
persuaded with, 151.
pied, 135.
pilled, 135.
play the fool, 129.
please (impersonal), 134, 136.
pleasure (verb), 133.
poesy, 164.
port, 130, 151.
Portia, 131.
possess, 135, 156.

post, 147.
posy, 164.
prefer, 140.
presence, 148.
presently, 131.
prest, 130.
prevent, 128.
prize (=contest), 150.
producing holy witness, 135.
proof, 130.
proper, 132.
provided of, 141.
pursue (accent), 160.
Pythagoras, 158.

quaint, 141, 154.
quarrelling with occasion, 155.
question, 156.
quicken his embraced heaviness, 145.

rath, 132.
rather, 132.
raw, 154.
reason (=converse), 145.
regreet, 146.
remorse, 156.
reproach (play upon), 142.
respect, 129, 163.
respective, 164.
rest (set up one's), 139.
rest you fair, 135.
Rialto, 134.
richly left, 130, 165.
ripe, 135.
riping, 146.
road, 165.
royal merchant, 156.
ruin (=refuse), 146.
running with thy heels, 138.

Sabaoth (=Sabbath), 156.
Salerio, 167.
sand-blind, 138, 167.
scant, 137.
scape, 151.
scrubbed, 164.
Scylla, 155.
sealed under for another, 132.
season, 158.
seasoned, 149.
self (adjective), 130.
sensible, 145, 146.
shall (=will), 130, 151.
should, 130, 132, 151.
show (=appear), 158.
shows (=represents), 158.
shrewd, 151.
Sibylla, 133.
sisters three, 139.
skipping spirit, 140.
slubber, 145.
smug, 147.
so . . . as, 133.
so (=if), 150.
so (omitted), 154.
so (=so be it), 136.
sola, 162.
something (adverb), 130.
sometime, 130.
sometimes, 130.
sonties, 139.
sooth, 127.
soothsayer, 127.
Sophy, 137.
sort (=dispose), 164.
sort (noun), 132.
soul (play upon), 157.
speak me fair, 159.
sped, 146.
spet, 135.
spirit (monosyllable), 140.
spoke (=spoken), 150.
spoke us of, 141.
squander, 134.
starve, 158.
state, 151.
stead, 133.
Stephano (accent), 162.
sterve, 158.
still, 128, 130, 149, 159.
studied in a fair ostent, 141.
substance (=amount), 160.
success, 151.
suited, 132, 155.
Sultan Solyman, 137.
sum of nothing, 150.
swan-like end, 148.
sweet, 155.
swelling port, 130.

table (of the hand), 140.
teaches (plural), 136.
that (with conj.), 143, 155.
the which, 133, 153.
thee (=thou), 140.
then (=than), 131.
therefore (position of), 129.
this (=all this), 128.
thorough (=through), 144.
throughfare, 144.
throughly, 144, 158.
thrift, 131.
throstle, 132.
to-night (=last night), 142.
too-too, 143.
tranect, 154.
Tripolis, 134.
tricksy, 155.
Troilus, 161.
truth (=honesty), 159.
tucket, 163.
turquoise, 148.

uncapable, 155.
undertook, 141.
undervalued, 130, 144.
unhandled colts, 163.
unthrift, 162.
untread again, 143.
upon more advice, 161.
upon my power, 157.
upon supposed fairness, 149.
upon the hip, 134, 160.
urge, 165.
usance, 134.
use, 159, 160.
usury, 134.

vail, 128.
vantage, 150.
vasty, 144.
venture, 128.
Venus' pigeons, 142.
very (adjective), 151, 159.
via! 138.
vild (=vile), 132.
vinegar aspect, 128.
virtue, 164.

waft (=wafted), 161.
waste, 153.
wealth, 165.
weeping philosopher, 132.
what (=what a), 141.
what (of impatience), 141.
where (=whereas), 156.
which (omitted), 131.
which (the), 133, 153.
which (=who), 144, 163.
whiles, 133.
who (omitted), 129, 156.
who (=which), 144, 158.
who (=whom), 131, 143.
who (with supplementary pronoun), 136.
why, so, 148.
wilful stillness, 129.
will, 142.
will (verb omitted), 141, 150.
wit, 137.
with all my heart (play upon), 160.
with imagined speed, 154.
within his danger, 158.
within the eye of honour, 130.
wives (=women), 148.
would, 134.
wracked, 147.
writ, 141.
wroth, 146.
wry-necked fife, 142.

yeanling, 135.
yet (with negative), 146.
younger (=younker), 143.
yours (dissyllable), 148.
ywis, 146.

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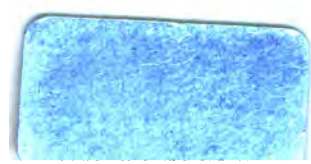

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